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Two Plays

Lennox Robinson

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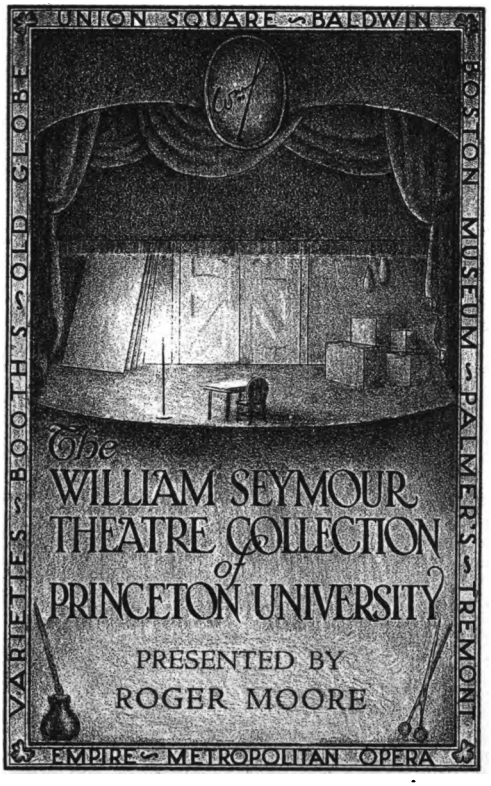

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THE CROSS ROADS

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TWO PLAYS
HARVEST: THE CLANCY NAME
BY LENNOX ROBINSON

MAUNSEL & COMPANY, LTD.
96 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN
1911

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HARVEST

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CHARACTERS

JACK HURLEY	TIMOTHY HURLEY
MILDRED HURLEY	MAURICE HURLEY
BRIDGET TWOMEY	WILLIAM LORDAN
MAGGIE HANNIGAN	MARY HURLEY

ACT I—*Outside the Hurleys' cottage at Knockmalgloss*

ACT II—*Interior of the Hurleys' cottage. Next day*

ACT III—*Same Scene. Three weeks later*

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HARVEST

ACT I

SCENE—*Outside the Hurleys' farmhouse. On the right is the front wall of the house, with a door in the middle and a window on either side of the door. Above are three windows. The door is half open. The back of the stage and the left side are bounded by a stone wall about four feet high. There is a small gate in the wall on the right. It is about half-past six on an August afternoon.*

Jack Hurley and his wife appear at the gate. He opens it to let her pass through.

JACK. Here we are at last, thank goodness!

MILDRED (*coming through the gate and stopping dead*). This isn't it, Jack?

JACK. Yes, this is it.

MILDRED. But this isn't your home . . . where you were born?

JACK. Yes, dear, it is. I'm afraid it isn't a very grand place, but . . .

MILDRED (*almost with a wail*). But I thought it was a cottage . . . a thatched cottage. I always thought you were born and brought up in a little thatched cabin by the roadside.

JACK. Indeed I wasn't. There's a fine slate roof on that house. Of course labourers live in thatched cottages, but strong farmers like us live in comfortable slated houses.

MILDRED. Well, I confess I'm disappointed; it's not what I expected.

JACK. I'm sure you'll find the inside all right and Irish enough to suit even you. Go in and have a look round.

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MILDRED. Won't you come in too?

JACK (*going over to the wall*). I think I'll sit out here and cool for a bit. Maurice and father won't be up for half an hour. Do go in and tell me what you think of it.

MILDRED. Yes, I think I shall. (*Opens the door and goes in. Jack sits on the wall. From inside.*) Oh, Jack, dear!

JACK. Yes.

MILDRED. You're quite right, it's perfectly lovely. There's an open fire and a big pot hanging over it . . . and there's turf! . . . It's just like a scene in the Abbey Theatre.

JACK. Are there any preparations for tea, because I'm jolly hungry?

MILDRED (*moving about inside*). Well . . . there's something in the pot . . . oh, it's some sort of yellow stew . . . there's soda bread on the dresser, but the table isn't laid, and the fire is out . . .

JACK. Hang it all! Maurice said that Maggie Hannigan would have everything ready.

MILDRED (*coming to the door and speaking in a lower tone*). Fancy, there's a little girl asleep on a pile of sacks in a corner of the room.

JACK. That must be Maggie.

MILDRED. I don't think she could be the servant; she's a wild-looking little thing with uncombed hair and a filthy face.

JACK. Well, I haven't seen any of the Hannigans for five years, but to the best of my remembrance that description fits them exactly.

MILDRED. No, Jack, she couldn't be the servant. . . . Perhaps I'd better wait till the others come up before exploring further. That kitchen is delightful, but I'm terrified of that little girl waking up and talking Irish to me or some thing like that. I'll sit outside with you.

JACK. Here's a nice seat. (*Mildred climbs up beside him.*)

MILDRED. It was stupid of me to think the cottage would be thatched, but, of course, father hated the

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country, so I really never have had a chance of seeing it. This is the real thing, isn't it ?

JACK. The real thing ?

MILDRED. I mean this house is really a peasant's house, and your father and Maurice are real, genuine peasants, aren't they ?

JACK. Certainly. Knockmalgloss is real peasant through and through.

MILDRED (*with a sigh of ineffable content*). That's what I love ! I've always longed to know their lives, to get close to the soil, to get to know the great, eternal mother of us all.

" From the cool and dark-lipped furrows
Breathes a dim delight,
Through the woodland's purple plumage
To the diamond night.

" Aureoles of joy encircle
Every blade of grass,
Where the dew-fed creatures silent
And enraptured pass."

And . . . and . . . and . . . I can't remember the rest. . . . I think it's the only true life ; everything else seems so artificial compared with this. You used to smile at me, Jack, for reading nothing but books about Ireland and going to Irish plays. You said I was too West Briton to understand the peasant, but now . . . here . . . I feel at home in a way I never did before (*solemnly*).

JACK. Do you really ? Oh, Mildred, I'm so glad, because often . . . I've been afraid that you'd be ashamed of me.

MILDRED. Ashamed of you ?

JACK. Yes, ashamed of my being only a farmer's son, and being born and brought up in a place like this.

MILDRED. No, dear, I love you for it and for not being ashamed to bring me down to see it.

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JACK. If the poor old Colonel could see you now! On the threshold of an Irish cottage, married to a farmer's son!

MILDRED. Poor dads! He and his cronies are at the Club now, I expect, discussing the frightful state of Ireland, and shaking "The Irish Times" at each other.

JACK. Do you think he'll ever come round, Mildred?

MILDRED. Of course he will, as soon as he realises that though you're an Irish peasant you're not a tenant owing him two years' rent.

JACK. I don't suppose I am much of a peasant . . . going to school in a town and all that sort of thing. When I see all the old people again I'll be able to find out if I've changed.

MILDRED. The person I'm most anxious to see—after your family—is that wonderful schoolmaster who helped you all so splendidly.

JACK. Mr. Lordan?

MILDRED. Yes, Mr. Lordan. He must be a grand man. I wonder will he find you changed? Of course everything will be the same h e r e; the country never changes.

JACK (*a little discontentedly*). Well, I don't know. Maurice seems to have been altering things. There used to be a big manure heap here (*pointing*) just in front of the door.

MILDRED (*making a face*). Oh, Jack, how horrid!

JACK. I suppose it was; somehow we never minded it long ago. I'm sure Maurice has things greatly altered since he began to manage the farm—modern methods and all that sort of thing, you know.

MILDRED. It pays well, I suppose?

JACK. You bet it does! Those farmers could buy the country before them if they wanted to. Oh, they've piles of money put by in the bank accumulating there year after year.

MILDRED (*open-eyed*). Really!

JACK. Well, look at all that has been spent on us. There's my brother Patrick who was put into the Civil

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Service and is now secretary to some big man in England, and Bob that's a solicitor in the west, and Timothy that's a priest, and myself! I can tell you there was a lot of money wanted to educate all of us, but my father feels the loss of it no more than a field misses a blade of grass.

MILDRED. Doesn't he?

JACK. It stands to reason farming must pay enormously. Take a field of oats, for instance; every grain that's sown gives a huge percentage in return. . . . I don't know exactly how many grains a stalk carries, but several hundreds I'm sure . . . why, there's no investment in the world would give you a return like that.

MILDRED. Oh, how I wish we had a farm.

JACK. I wish we had indeed.

MILDRED. I'm glad it pays so well, because now I won't mind your asking your brother for money. I felt it was a little bit mean to come and sponge on him just after we were married.

JACK (*airily*). Oh, Maurice won't mind. He'll hand me over sixty pounds without a murmur. It would have been a shame to cut short our honeymoon.

MILDRED. Yes. But we w e r e extravagant. Well, one doesn't honeymoon in London every day. It's all right if your brother can float us again. The rent of that house is ridiculously cheap.

JACK. I do wish I had enough money to start a chemist's shop of my own.

MILDRED. Yes, I wish we had. But I suppose it's safer to stick on as assistant to Corrib. After all there are one or two chemists already in Dublin.

JACK. Oh, I wouldn't start up in Dublin. I'd start down here.

MILDRED. Here?

JACK. Yes, in Dunmanway, maybe. Country people are awfully fond of dosing themselves, and I bet you I'd do a roaring trade in six months, and I could have cattle medicines too, concoct some mixture of my own and call it "Hurley's Cure" or something like that.

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MILDRED. Y-yes . . . but would it be quite wise to settle down so near home where every one would know who you were and who your father is?

JACK. Oh, that's just where I'd score. Farmers are thought an awful lot of nowadays, and when it's known that I'm the son of "old Tim Hurley from Knockmalgloss," you'll find every one flocking to my shop. It doesn't pay to be ashamed of your father nowadays—if he's a farmer.

MILDRED. How strange that seems. . . . I mean that they should think such a lot of your father just for being a farmer.

JACK (*proudly*). Oh, but better still, I've an uncle who's an evicted tenant, and my first cousin has been three times imprisoned for agrarian crimes.

MILDRED (*a little shocked*). Good gracious!

JACK. You see this gives me a tremendous pull over a fellow who's only the son of—say—a shopkeeper, or—worse still—a gentleman. Down here my fortune would be made in no time; but, hang it all, I'm stuck up in Dublin with no chance of getting out of it for goodness knows how long. Oh, farmers are lucky chaps, they positively can't help making money. Even if they never turn a sod or sow a seed they've only got to put cattle into a field one month and take them out three months later and make pounds and pounds of a profit.

MILDRED. How easy it sounds! Jack, as soon as ever we can let's save money and buy a farm.

JACK. But you'd be awfully bored on a farm, Mildred.

MILDRED. Indeed, Jack, I wouldn't. I think it would be just the ideal life. Of course I know it's only a dream at present, but some day I do hope we'll get done with shops and towns and come and live in the real country.

JACK. I had no idea you were as fond of the country as that.

MILDRED. Yes I am, and . . . (*breaks off as the gate opens suddenly and a country woman appears*).

WOMAN. Yerra, is it yourself, Johnnie, home again?

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JACK. Hallo, Bridget! Yes, I'm home again. How are you?

BRIDGET. Ah, I said they hadn't got rid of you so easy.

JACK. This is my wife, Bridget. Maybe you heard I had got married.

BRIDGET. Well, I heard the old man saying you were after doing something like it. How are you, ma'am?

MILDRED. How d'ye do?

BRIDGET. Indeed, we had always a sort of a liking for poor Johnnie ourselves, the creature!

JACK. How are you all getting on?

BRIDGET. Wisha, pulling along, pulling along. Did you see himself yet?

JACK. Yes; Mildred and I stopped for a minute at the western field and spoke to father and Maurice. They didn't like to lose any time cutting it, so we came on up here and they'll be after us soon.

BRIDGET. Indeed, they're backward with the harvest, but 'twon't be long now. How did you think them looking?

JACK. Father seems splendid, but Maurice looks a lot older than . . .

BRIDGET. Ay, Maurice has aged a fright in the last four years.

MILDRED (*pleasantly*). I should have thought people would be always young down here.

BRIDGET. Well now, ma'am, that would be a queer thing; old age is all we can be looking for from this out. . . . I stepped up now to see that the place was ready for you. I was here in the morning setting that young divil of a Maggie Hannigan about her work, and then I was milking for Maurice this evening.

JACK. Any amount of milk and butter, I suppose?

BRIDGET. Well, not so much then. But, God Almighty! Maurice have a black heifer that's a divil at pucking. She met the white cow this evening in the corner of the stall where she couldn't escape, and she let a drive with her horns, and only that I gave her a belt

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with a stick I had in my hand she'd have her pinned against the wall. You may say there'd be no more about it then. The breadth of a ha'penny either way and her guts were riddled.

MILDRED. Oh!

BRIDGET. Indeed yes, ma'am, an awful thing it would have been and a great loss to Maurice, and he not able to bear more losses at present . . . (*a loud crash of falling crockery is heard from the house*). Oh, there's my brave Maggie at it again! Bedad, wait till I catch her. (*Moves quickly into the house.*)

MILDRED. What an extraordinary woman!

JACK. Oh, she's a very decent soul.

BRIDGET (*in the house*). Ha! At the buttermilk, were you? And two of the best jugs broken. . . . Oh, look at the meal burnt to a cinder! In the name of God, why couldn't you take it off the fire . . . and the hens not fed, I suppose. What were you doing at all, Maggie Hannigan?

A SMALL VOICE. I was asleep, ma'am.

BRIDGET. Faith, I'll put you to sleep the way you won't want rocking. You idle tinker's brat that was taken for charity out of a wet ditch; come here, you young divil.

A small girl with untidy streaming hair darts out of the house and disappears round the corner.

MILDRED. Oh, Jack, how dreadful! What awful language!

JACK. Merely the picturesque speech of the peasant, my dear.

BRIDGET (*at the door*). Well, isn't she a fright, now? There's not so much as a plate on the table for you and the fire black out. I hope you're not waiting on your tea, ma'am?

JACK. Time enough, Bridget. We'll wait till the others come.

BRIDGET (*looking out and shading her eyes*). I see them on the road now, they'll be here in one minute. (*Disappears inside.*)

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MILDRED (*nervously shaking out her dress and straightening her hat*). I feel cooler now. I'm sure my face was scarlet after cycling up all those hills; your father must have thought me an awful sight.

JACK. He doesn't often see such a pretty one, I bet.

BRIDGET. Indeed, when Johnnie was a little gossoon driving cows—and he never much of a one to drive cows—his father little thought he'd be bringing a woman the like of yourself to see him, the creature.

Timothy Hurley, an old man, and Maurice enter.

TIMOTHY. Well, Jack, here you are. Why wouldn't you go inside?

JACK. We thought we'd wait here till you came up. Bridget's just getting the tea ready.

BRIDGET. Come here, Maurice, and give me a hand till I redden the place. (*The younger man goes into the house.*)

TIMOTHY. Well, now, isn't it a wonder you wouldn't sit down inside. You must be tired, ma'am, after bicycling up from the station. . . . Sure I'd have sent the cart to meet you only Jack didn't tell me the day you'd be coming.

MILDRED. Oh, thanks, I'm not a bit tired. We only knew we could get three extra days last night, and I asked Jack to wire to you this morning, but he said you'd have a room ready in any case.

TIMOTHY. To be sure we're ready for you and glad to see you too. I think, Jack, it's five years or more since you were here.

JACK. Yes, five years last spring.

TIMOTHY. Well now! But when you did come you brought a fine young woman before you—God bless her—though 'tis only a poor place she's come to and plain people.

JACK. Oh, Mildred doesn't mind.

MILDRED. I'm awfully glad to be here.

TIMOTHY. Well, ma'am, we're proud and happy to have you, but you must take us as you find us, and . . .

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BRIDGET. It's in a mess she found you then, Timothy Hurley, and a stinking house she came into, by reason of that misbegotten brat of a Maggie Hannigan that let the meal burn on the fire and herself asleep. Asleep! 'Tis the queer sleep she'd have if I was around.

TIMOTHY. Tch, tch, Maggie's not to be depended on at all. Sit down on the bench, ma'am, till the tea is ready.

MILDRED (*sitting down*). Wouldn't you sit down too?

TIMOTHY. Never ask an old man to sit down and never stop an old horse working, for you won't get the one to go on or the other to get up. Though indeed I'm tired enough after working all day.

MILDRED. You haven't got the harvest in yet, I hear?

TIMOTHY. No, we haven't it all cut yet; but we're well on with it now, and maybe we'll be bringing it in next week or the week after.

MILDRED (*in a tone of intense disappointment*). Oh, then, we won't be here to see it threshed. I did want to see a threshing.

TIMOTHY. Wisha, you must stay a good bit now that you're here.

JACK. I've only three days' leave, you see; we got a fortnight for our honeymoon, and it was only as a great favour, and after any amount of grumbling and growling, that old Corrib gave me three days to come down here. Faith, I thought I'd get the sack on the head of it.

TIMOTHY. Three days! Does he know you haven't seen your old father for five years?

JACK. Much he cares. He often says he wishes his assistants were all unmarried orphans.

TIMOTHY. He must be a hard man surely. But, maybe, ma'am, you'd stay a while after Jack. 'Tis a lonely place, of course, but I didn't tell you yet that I'm expecting my daughter home to-morrow.

JACK. What! Mary coming home?

TIMOTHY. I thought that would surprise you. Yes, I had a letter from her this morning, and she's leaving

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to-day, and she'll he here to-morrow about the middle of the day.

JACK. Gracious! Where does she write from?

TIMOTHY. It's from London she writes.

JACK. Have you been hearing from her lately?

TIMOTHY. No, then; never a line for three years.

MILDRED. What is she doing in London?

TIMOTHY. I don't rightly know, ma'am. Six years ago she went out of this farm and off to Bristol as a servant to a lady there—'twas Mrs. O'Mara got her the place. She didn't keep that long, but she went to a very grand place altogether as a lady's maid . . . a lady's maid, that's what she called it.

MILDRED. I know.

TIMOTHY. Regular she used to write once a fortnight, but for three years she didn't send us the tint of a letter. Sure I thought it was dead she was until this morning and the letter came.

MILDRED. You must have been awfully pleased.

JACK. I'm delighted she's coming home. I wonder will she be much changed.

TIMOTHY. She will not. Divil a bit changed she is. For though it was only half a sheet of a letter she wrote d'ye know what she said? Wait now . . . where have I the letter? (*Getting out a letter and reading it.*) Oh, here it is. . . . "Don't have a hired car to meet me; I'd rather be driven up by the old red mare in the cart. I suppose she's still alive." Look at that now! Look at the way she remembers the old red mare, and it six years since she left! Changed? I tell you she won't be changed.

JACK. And have you got the red mare still?

TIMOTHY. Yerra, to be sure we have. But if she was old six years ago you may say she's not young to-day. However, right or wrong, Maurice 'll drive her down to the station to-morrow. Isn't the kettle boiling yet, Bridget? (*Walks into the house.*)

MILDRED. What is your sister like, Jack?

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JACK. Well, I haven't seen her for nine or ten years. I was away at school, and she left home when I was seventeen; but she was an awfully clever girl. She's a year older than I am.

MILDRED. Maurice is the eldest of you, isn't he?

JACK. Yes, and then there's my brother in England whom we never hear of, and then the solicitor and Timothy and Mary. (*Maurice appears out of the house.*)

MAURICE (*shyly to Mildred*). If you would go in now, Bridget Twomey will show you your room.

MILDRED. Thank you, I would be glad of a wash-up.

Mildred goes in and shuts the door.

MAURICE. Well, Jack, how are things going with you?

JACK. Oh, pretty well. I'm still at the same place in Dublin, assistant in Corrib's shop.

MAURICE. Are you now? I suppose there's a lot of money to be made over that?

JACK. There is if you had a shop of your own in a good locality, but assistants don't get very good wages, worse luck.

MAURICE. Don't they now? But didn't you write to me that you were going to marry a rich woman?

JACK. No, indeed. Mildred's father is a very wealthy man, but he cut up rough at her marrying me, and won't give her a penny as long as we remain in this country, disgracing him, as he politely calls it. Mildred has about twenty pounds a year which her mother left her, but that's all.

MAURICE (*visibly disappointed*). You wrote home that she had a lot of money.

JACK. So she would if her father wasn't such an old beast. No, we're not rich; far from it, in fact I'm very much in need of money at the present moment. We went to England for our honeymoon, and London played the devil with our finances, and we have come home with empty pockets. So I'm awfully afraid I'll have to come down on you to tide us over our first year. We shall begin very quietly, of course. We have taken a little

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house, and have some furniture bought already, but we want about sixty pounds just to pay the rent and sundry expenses for the first year. I hate sponging on you, and I know my education has cost a good deal, but I hope this is the last money I'll ever need from you.

MAURICE. Sixty pounds! Wouldn't you rather have a hundred?

JACK. No, thank you; I think sixty will do.

MAURICE. If 'twas sixty shillings or sixty pence you asked me for this minute I couldn't give them to you.

JACK. Oh, I don't want it just this minute; if you let me have a cheque by the time I go back it will do all right.

MAURICE. I'll give you no cheque.

JACK. Why not? . . . Why won't you give me a cheque, Maurice?

MAURICE. It's only wasting paper for me to be making out cheques.

JACK. How do you mean?

MAURICE. I mean what I say. It's only wasting paper for me to be making out cheques.

JACK. How? I don't understand.

MAURICE. Are you an omadhaun that you can't understand what I'm saying? (*Deliberately.*) There's no money in the bank for you, or for any one.

JACK. No money? How is there no money in the bank? Why have you drawn it all?

MAURICE. There's no money out of it either.

JACK. But . . . but . . . Maurice, what's happened? What have you been doing? The farm was always making plenty of money.

MAURICE. It isn't making plenty of money now, anyhow.

JACK. But . . . how . . . why? Do explain, Maurice.

MAURICE (*sullenly*). You can't have a solicitor, and a priest, and a chemist in a family without spending money, and for the last ten years you've been all drawing money out of the farm . . . there's no more to drain now.

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JACK. Maurice! . . . I had no idea of such a thing; I wouldn't, of course, have asked you to give me money, but I thought . . .

MAURICE (*bitterly*). You thought, I suppose, that a farm was a sort of machine that turned out sovereigns and bank-notes as many as you pleased.

JACK. Well, there was always money for the asking, and no word of difficulty in getting it. Didn't you send me ten pounds a month before I was married? If the farm could make that then, how was I to know it couldn't make sixty to-day?

MAURICE. It didn't make that.

JACK. What do you mean?

MAURICE. That ten pounds was borrowed.

JACK (*after an incredulous pause*). Do you mean that you've had to borrow money?

MAURICE. Every sod on the farm is mortgaged.

JACK. Good heavens, Maurice! . . . When did this begin?

MAURICE. Well, after Timothy was through Maynooth there was no way of educating you except to borrow. I wanted to take you away from school and put you to the farm, but Mr. Lordan said it would be a shame you were such a promising scholar. So I borrowed money to educate you and to keep the farm together.

JACK. Haven't you been able to pay off any of it?

MAURICE. No.

JACK. But the farm must be making a heap of money.

MAURICE. It isn't.

JACK. Maurice!

MAURICE. Oh, I suppose you think I'm a bloody fool not to be able to make it pay; but sure what chance have I and I never taught how to farm? There was money and education wanted to make priests and doctors and gentlemen of you all, and wasn't there money an' education wanted to make a farmer of me? No; nothing taught me only what I picked up from my father and the

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men, and never a bit of fresh money to put into the farm only it all kept to make a solicitor of Bob and a chemist of you.

JACK. Maurice, I'm awfully sorry. . . .

MAURICE (*impatiently*). Oh, it's come to an end now. We'll have to quit, I'm thinking, unless Bob helps us.

JACK. Do you mean that they're pressing you for money?

MAURICE. I owe money in every shop in Dunmanway, and there's the interest on the mortgage due and not a penny to meet it. I thought maybe you could help me, but you seem as badly off as myself.

JACK. Why on earth did you send me that ten pounds?

MAURICE. Himself said we'd be disgraced if we didn't send you something and you getting married. Besides, what's a ten-pound note when you're choked with debts. There's nothing for it now but to sell up and quit.

JACK. Oh, the farm mustn't go; we must manage to save it some way. Does the old man know all this?

MAURICE. He knows things are bad, but I don't think he knows they're as bad as they are.

JACK. And what about Timothy and Bob?

MAURICE. I wrote to Bob thinking maybe he'd help us, but I didn't get an answer from him yet. He's thriving, I hear, so maybe he could give us something.

JACK. Yes, he might. Did you write to Timothy?

MAURICE. He's off in America getting money for a chapel. He'll be expecting money from us, not we getting it from him.

JACK. I'll tell you—write to Patrick—he's a great man, I believe, secretary to some lord in England. Do you know his address?

MAURICE. I will not write for help to a dirty cur like him who's ashamed of his father and the place he was reared, a bloody turn-coat who's changed his name and his religion! No, I'm damned if I'll write to him, not if he had all the gold in the banks in England.

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JACK. In a desperate case like this I'd certainly apply to him. After all, it's to keep his own father from being put on the road.

MAURICE. Much he cares.

JACK. Perhaps Mary could help you; you could ask her when she comes to-morrow.

MAURICE. Yerra, what has she only a few bits of wages put by in the bank. We're bet—unless Bob can help.

JACK. Has it really come to this that your only course is to sell the farm ?

MAURICE. What else can I do ? Sell the farm and pay the debts and the mortgage . . . if there's enough . . . and clear off to the States.

JACK. The old man isn't fit for the States.

MAURICE. Well, there's Dunmanway Union for him. . . .

JACK. Oh no, never ! Maurice, isn't there any girl round here with money you could marry ?

MAURICE. Bridget Twomey and myself have been wanting to get married these four years, but I wouldn't have it be said that I took her out of a comfortable home and brought her into a place the like of this.

JACK. Well, I'll help you any way I can, Maurice. I can't give you money, worse luck, but if a pair of willing hands are any good they're at your service. If Bob won't help you I'll chuck the chemist business and come and work on the farm.

MAURICE (*looking distrustingly at Jack's weedy figure*). You're not over strong for farm work, I'm thinking, but thank you, Jack, 'tis well meant, and whatever Bob says or does there'll be plenty of work for you on the farm. We're shorthanded as it is, and the harvest only beginning.

JACK. I'm ready to put my hand to anything. We must save the farm . . . why (*breaking off as a man's figure appears outside the little gate*) here's Mr. Lordan !

William Lordan comes through the gate. He is an elderly man of sixty-five or seventy years.

LORDAN. Well, Jack, here you are.

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JACK. Yes, Mr. Lordan, I've run down for a day or two just to see how you're all getting on.

LORDAN. Ah, you'll find us in the same old rut, no change at all. You've seen the world, you've got education, but our horizon is bounded by those hills.

JACK. Still discontented, sir?

LORDAN. If I am it's only with a wholesome discontent. I was never one of those who sat contentedly in darkness, Jack; I must always be groping about, striking matches. What are you doing for yourself now?

JACK. Well, I'm still in the chemist's shop in Dublin, but I've taken a house and married a wife.

LORDAN. Married! I never heard a word of it. Why didn't you tell me, Maurice?

JACK. It was on "The Independent" and "The Irish Times."

MAURICE. And a long pedigree to the pair of them, the same as if they were racehorses.

LORDAN. I never saw it! But tell me, who is the girl? Any one we know?

JACK. Oh, no. She comes from Dublin. Her father was a colonel in the army. He's retired now, and this is his only child.

LORDAN. A colonel's daughter! My dear Jack, you have done well for yourself.

JACK. I think you'll say so when you meet her. She's inside.

LORDAN. I shall be delighted to make her acquaintance. And whereabouts is your house in Dublin? One of those fine residences on the Kingstown tram line, perhaps?

JACK. No indeed, we've taken a tiny little house on the flat of the city. Money is scarce with us at present.

LORDAN. Oh! . . . but that will come later.

JACK. Well, I hope to goodness it will. Ah, here's Mildred. (*Mildred comes out of the house.*)

MILDRED. Jack, dear, tea is just ready.

JACK. All right. I want to introduce an old friend to you, Mildred. This is Mr. Lordan.

MILDRED. How d'ye do.

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LORDAN. Pleased to meet you.

MILDRED. I have often heard my husband speak of you, Mr. Lordan.

BRIDGET (*who is leaning against the door of the house*). Faith, he's reason to remember him. Many's the pair of sore hands he brought home from school, the creature!

LORDAN. That's a base lie, Bridget. Jack was one of my brightest scholars.

MILDRED. I'm sure he was; he certainly does you credit.

LORDAN. Oh, I assure you, Mrs. Hurley, Jack has very little to thank me for. I only sowed the tiny insignificant seeds of education; it was left to other and cleverer men to watch and tend their growth.

MILDRED. Still, only for you, he wouldn't have got the assisted scholarship in the Ballyhinch School. It's the sowing the first beginning, that is the important thing, Mr. Lordan.

LORDAN. Well, I'd be glad to think that. . . . When I look back on all the boys and girls I've had under my care and see how many of them are scattered over the world to-day—doctors and priests and all sorts—I'm glad and proud to think that it was I who taught them their letters, though, to be sure, they're smiling to-day at the poor ignorant country schoolmaster who guided the pen over their copies long ago.

JACK. I'm sure they're not, sir.

LORDAN. Maybe not, Jack; maybe not. . . . There's no family in the parish I'm prouder of than yours. One of them a priest, Mrs. Hurley, that's had his sermons printed in a weekly paper, and is over in America now using his eloquence to win money for the Church; and one a solicitor that's unravelling the law in the west in the County of Galway, and helping the widow and orphan to get their own, and making a deal of money for himself; and one in England, who is so great that he's passed beyond our knowledge entirely; and Jack here, that's giving medicines to the sick and bringing happiness to

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countless families in the City of Dublin and its suburbs. Isn't that a harvest to be gathering, Mrs. Hurley, from the seeds I sowed long ago in the little schoolhouse up in the hills? Faith! There's politicians and statesmen and members of Parliament must thank Knockmalgloss and William Lordan for their first rudiments of education.

MILDRED. Wonderful!

JACK. Well done, sir!

BRIDGET. Yerra, 'tis a statue ought to be put up to you in the market-place in Dunmanway.

MILDRED. Yes, indeed.

BRIDGET. Very convenient it would be to tie an ass-cart to or for the hucksters to be laying fowl against on a market-day.

LORDAN (*good-temperedly*). No, the boys and girls who are scattered over the world are my monument. I have my reward in the thought of them and the sight of them sometimes coming home looking like gentlemen.

MAURICE (*speaking quietly, but intensely*). D'ye know the reward I'd give you?

LORDAN. No; what?

MAURICE. I'd take you west to the quarry and I'd throw you down the cliff and break your bloody neck, the way you'd do no more harm to the place.

Maurice raises his hand as if to strike Lordan. Lordan shrinks back. All are petrified for a second. Then Maurice lets his hand fall heavily and strides into the house.

CURTAIN.

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ACT II

SCENE—*The interior of the farmhouse. Timothy, as the curtain rises, is in the act of shutting the door. Jack is standing with his back to the fire.*

TIMOTHY (*to some one outside*). Don't be long now.

A WOMAN'S VOICE. I won't, indeed. (*She passes the window.*)

TIMOTHY. Well, well, isn't it a fine thing to have her back?

JACK. It is indeed, and she seems so genuinely delighted to get home.

TIMOTHY. Ay, I knew it. I knew she'd be the same as she was before she went away. A girl the like of Mary wouldn't be the one to change.

JACK. Still, she's changed a bit in appearance, don't you think? She usen't to be so white and thin.

TIMOTHY. It's the town air and the hard work. Sure a girl like her that's been reared in the country could never thrive in a town.

JACK. Let's hope she'll soon get her colour, now that she's back here.

TIMOTHY (*musing*). What made her go away from us at all. . . . . It hasn't been the same place since she left. . . . Ah, God have pity on the old! . . .

A figure passes the window.

JACK. Oh, there's Mr. Lordan. (*Goes to the door.*) Come in, Mr. Lordan; delighted to see you.

LORDAN (*coming in and looking round the room*). How are you, Jack? Is your wife here?

JACK. No, she's just gone out with Mary and Bridget. Come in, she'll be back in a moment.

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LORDAN. Well, I really can't wait. But if she'll be only a minute.

TIMOTHY. Yerra, what a hurry you're in and you red idle from morning till night. Sit down there now and quiet yourself.

LORDAN. Well, I really shouldn't . . . however, I suppose I can wait for five or ten minutes.

TIMOTHY. Did you see Mary yet?

LORDAN. No. How is she?

TIMOTHY. Oh, she's fine, and delighted to be back again. Maurice is after driving her up from the station, and she had a sup of tea and went out with Bridget.

LORDAN. How long will she be with you, do you think?

TIMOTHY. She's going to live here. She's not going back any more.

LORDAN. What? Not going back? Not going back to London?

JACK. She says she's sick of London. She wants to get back to the old life.

LORDAN (*incredulously*). Back to Knockmalgloss?

TIMOTHY. Ay!

JACK. Does it seem so extraordinary to you? I can understand it so well.

LORDAN. Oh . . . well . . . it won't last. After London, this will seem only a poor sort of place to her, Timothy, and she won't stay long.

TIMOTHY. I wonder now. . . . She seems glad enough to be home . . . but maybe we are quiet and dull, and I'm thinking if you've travelled far at all you'd find it hard to rest quiet in the latter end.

LORDAN. That's the truth. . . . (*To Jack.*) I called to see if your wife would care to walk up the hill with me. I have to go there, and I thought she might like the walk.

JACK. I'm sure she would.

LORDAN. She must find this a queer place after Dublin.

JACK. Oh, she likes it immensely so far, and we had plenty of excitement last night.

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LORDAN. Oh, yes, the fire. (*To Timothy.*) I was very sorry to hear you had such a disastrous fire last night.

TIMOTHY (*lachrymosely*). Ay, indeed.

LORDAN. How on earth did it happen ?

TIMOTHY. Not one of us knows . . . at least not one of us knows the lad that lit the match, but there's no doubt at all 'twas done malicious.

LORDAN. Really ! But who'd do a thing like that ?

TIMOTHY. Who'd do it ? Who wouldn't if he got the chance ?

LORDAN. No, but really, have you any suspicions at all ?

TIMOTHY. We have suspicions then and we'll have proofs before long. Didn't I see the lads prowling round last night, and only I'm the fool I am I'd have gone and seen what they were up to. Suspicions is it ?

JACK. We were wakened about twelve o'clock by the glare of the flames, and we all rushed out, but it was too late.

LORDAN. Tch, tch ! How much was burned ?

JACK. Those three buildings on the far side of the yard. Fortunately there wasn't much in them and . . .

TIMOTHY. Not much ? There was a cart in them and a set of harness and a mangle crusher, and a scythe, and four sacks of hayseed I saved myself, and—and—and any amount of other things we'll only remember and we wanting them.

LORDAN. Dear, dear ! But you haven't an enemy in the place. I wonder was it really malicious ?

TIMOTHY (*fiercely*). I tell you it was malicious. There's people I could name this minute who'd be delighted to have this house burned over our heads and us hunted from the country.

LORDAN. Is that a fact ?

JACK. You see none of us were near the place after three o'clock, and Maurice, who was there then, wasn't even smoking.

LORDAN. You'll apply for compensation then ?

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JACK. Oh, yes.

TIMOTHY. We will so. What blasted fools we'd be. It's bad to be without a set of harness, and a cart, and a mangle crusher, but it's worse to be without the money.

Maurice comes in.

LORDAN. Oh, how are you, Maurice ?

MAURICE (*sullenly*). Good-day to you. (*Pours himself out a cup of tea.*)

LORDAN. Did you see Mary and your sister-in-law anywhere ?

MAURICE. No.

LORDAN. I wonder will they be soon in. . . . I was just hearing about the fire . . . what a terrible thing . . . (*Maurice makes no answer, but drinks sullenly, standing up. There is a constrained silence.*) How is the harvest getting on ? (*Maurice makes an unintelligible answer.*)

TIMOTHY. Ah, we're getting it in slowly.

LORDAN. I'm glad to hear that. (*Another pause.*) Well, as she doesn't seem to be coming I think I must go and look for her. If I should miss her you'll tell her I called, won't you ?

JACK. Certainly, but I'm sure you'll find her in the yard. She's very likely looking at the smouldering remains of the fire. (*Lordan goes out.*)

TIMOTHY. It's what I was saying to Jack, that it's a great thing to have Mary back.

MAURICE. God knows, she's come to a poor hungry place.

JACK. Wait till you hear from Bob; maybe he'll send you forty or fifty pounds.

MAURICE (*sullenly*). I got a letter from him below at the post office.

JACK. What ! Well, what did he say ?

MAURICE (*taking a letter out of his pocket and throwing it over to Jack*). That's what he said, curse him.

Jack reads the letter—which is short—quickly.

JACK (*in disgust*). What a shame ! I think he might have put off getting his old motor,

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TIMOTHY. What's that? Have you a letter from Bob?

JACK. Yes.

TIMOTHY. How much does he send? (*To Maurice.*) You asked him for money, didn't you?

MAURICE. He doesn't send a bloody sixpence. He's getting a motor-car . . . and he has no money for us. Damn him and his motor-car!

TIMOTHY. Couldn't he send us money as well?

MAURICE. He could not. He's gone into debt to get it.

TIMOTHY. Why's that, I wonder?

JACK. He says it's necessary. He's trying to get into a better set, and he thinks that having a motor would be a help to him.

TIMOTHY. Maybe so, but 'tis a hard thing he wouldn't have anything to send his old father. . . . Well, 'tis only what I expected from him; we must battle it out ourselves.

MAURICE. I'm thinking maybe a worse thing could have happened to us than to have had that burning last night. A little hard money will come in very handy.

TIMOTHY (*with a chuckle*). That's so.

MAURICE. We won't be missing a cart that had only one wheel and a set of harness that would go to pieces in your hand.

JACK. I suppose there'll be no difficulty about the compensation?

MAURICE. Oh, sure it's always hard to screw out money, but I don't see how they can refuse it.

JACK. You saw the chaps prowling round last night, didn't you?

TIMOTHY (*chuckling*). I did so. (*Proceeds to light his pipe.*)

JACK. But who do you think would have a spite against you?

MAURICE. I don't know at all; whoever they were they done me a good turn with all their tricks. I only wish they'd burned the whole place before them. (*Timothy is stooping and groping on the floor.*)

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JACK. Yes, if you only had a large sum of money in hand you could start fair again. What's the matter; what have you dropped?

TIMOTHY. 'Tis a match I dropped.

JACK (*coming over and looking for it*). Maybe you dropped it into the fire. . . . I can't see it. . . . Is it under that chair, Maurice?

MAURICE. It is not.

TIMOTHY. I had it in my hand and I turned around to scratch myself and 'twas gone.

MAURICE. What matter, can't you take another.

TIMOTHY (*obstinately*). I'd like to find it.

JACK. You must have dropped it into the fire.

MAURICE (*taking a box out of his pocket*). Here, for God's sake, take one of these. What's a match?

TIMOTHY. Faith, a match may mean a great deal to a man . . . if he knows what to do with it.

JACK. What do you mean?

TIMOTHY. Oh, I know what I'm talking of. There's a deal of money in a match.

MAURICE. Money in a match? I wish to God there was money in a match.

TIMOTHY. I've known a match to be worth a matter of thirty or forty pounds to a man.

MAURICE. How was that?

TIMOTHY (*mysteriously*). Oh, I know. (*Suddenly begins to chuckle.*)

MAURICE (*crossly*). What the devil are you wheezing about. Money in a match?

TIMOTHY (*still chuckling*). Yes, a timber match the like of that. (*Holding up the charred stump.*) And 'tis you should know that.

MAURICE. I?

JACK. How should he know it?

TIMOTHY. Isn't he going to get a deal of money for all that was burnt on him last night?

MAURICE. Oh, is that all.

JACK. How do you know it was done with a timber match?

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TIMOTHY. How do I know, is it? (*Goes off into a cackle of laughter.*) How do I know, moyah!

JACK. What on earth are you laughing at?

TIMOTHY. How do I know? . . . 'Twould be a wonder if the hand that struck the match wouldn't know, and that put it to the old oil barrel! Forty pounds for one timber match! (*Goes off into a cackle of laughter.*)

MAURICE (*understanding before Jack. With grudging admiration*). Well, isn't he . . . the . . . divil!

JACK (*horrified*). Do you mean that . . . that he set fire to the place himself?

MAURICE. I didn't think I had a da with so much spirit.

TIMOTHY (*inanely*). One . . . timber . . . match.

JACK (*to Timothy*). Are you mad? What on earth did you do it for? (*Timothy keeps up his inane chuckling.*)

MAURICE (*grinning*). He's delighted with himself now.

JACK. Well, there's an end to the compensation.

MAURICE (*sobering*). And why? (*Timothy stops his chuckling and listens.*)

JACK. You can't get it now.

TIMOTHY (*pugnaciously*). And why wouldn't we get it?

JACK. How can you when it was you yourself did it? Where's the maliciousness in that?

TIMOTHY. I don't see why we wouldn't get it.

JACK (*impatiently*). Can't you tell him why, Maurice?

MAURICE (*sullenly*). Why wouldn't we get it as well as another?

JACK. Maurice!

MAURICE. Hadn't we to pay last year for Cronin's house, and didn't every one in the country know 'twas old Ned Cronin fired it himself.

JACK. I'm ashamed of you; how can you think of such a thing? Why it's . . . it's stealing!

TIMOTHY. Sure who's to know I done it? Not a one saw me and I lighting the barrel.

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JACK. That has nothing to do with it. Didn't you see yourself how dishonest it was?

TIMOTHY. Maybe I did, but I saw something more, and that was that I was on the way to being put out of the farm. I never had much belief in Bob, and doesn't that letter show I was right—and says I to myself, "'tis time for Timothy to turn round and see what he can do." That's what I said.

MAURICE. All the farm wants is a little money, and it's hard to say you'd grudge us getting that.

JACK (*hotly*). I'll do more than grudge it. . . . I'll give information.

MAURICE. And put him and me out on the road? Maybe this money would save us, I don't see where else we're to turn for it.

JACK. It would be better to be walking the roads begging than . . .

MAURICE. 'Tis easy for you to talk. You've got a fine place up in Dublin; there's no fear of you having to tramp the roads.

JACK. I'd spend my last penny of money and my last ounce of strength to save the farm, but I won't be a partner to your dishonesty.

TIMOTHY (*plaintively*). Wisha, 'tis hard you'd cross us now, and all you have to do is to hold your tongue. I'm sorry I ever told you at all only keep it to myself, but sure I thought you'd be pleased the same as Mauriceen was pleased.

JACK. Here's some one coming. Don't say a word about this. But mind, Maurice, if you do anything about getting compensation I'll publish the truth. (*Enter Mildred, Lordan, Bridget and Maggie with clothes.*) We can save the farm some other way.

BRIDGET (*to Maggie*). Put them down there in the corner and be wringing out them shirts.

LORDAN. I can't persuade your wife to come. She says she thinks there wouldn't be time before tea. Timothy, do persuade her.

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TIMOTHY (*paying him no attention*). I think I've a queer set of sons who won't give a sixpence to save a poor old man who's spent all his money on them. A queer set (*with a black look at Jack*) who'd grudge me getting the little bit I deserve. (*Goes out, Maurice follows.*)

JACK. Wait a minute, Maurice, I'll come with you; we must settle that matter definitely. (*Goes out.*)

MILDRED. Dear me, what's the matter with Jack?

BRIDGET. Himself is vexed about something.

LORDAN. I expect it's about the fire.

BRIDGET. Well then, mind me, there might be a worse thing happen them. A bit of cold money coming into the farm would be a great thing.

MILDRED. Yes, I suppose so. Oh, I wish I could help in some way.

LORDAN. Ah, Mrs. Hurley, you have the same feeling as myself, the same longing to lift these people out of the narrow groove of their lives. In fact that's my business this afternoon.

BRIDGET. Where are you going?

LORDAN. Up the hill to the Hayes'. It's Kattie I'm teaching now.

MILDRED. Is she going in for some examination?

LORDAN. Yes, she's working for an examination up in Dublin next month, and the schoolmaster isn't allowed to teach her some of the subjects in school hours, and he hasn't the inclination nor the knowledge to teach her after school, so it's then I come in and help her.

MILDRED. I hope she'll pass.

LORDAN. I think she will, she's a very smart girl. The other daughter—there are only two of them—I have succeeded in making a school-teacher of.

MILDRED. How pleased their mother must be.

LORDAN (*with a satisfied smile*). Yes, she is, I think.

BRIDGET. Sarah Hayes was a fool always, but there'll be days when there's churning and young pigs and young turkeys and not a one to give her a hand's turn only herself, and I warrant she won't be blessing you t h e n.

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MILDRED. Oh, nonsense, Bridget; isn't it better for her to have them away earning good salaries.

BRIDGET. Maybe you don't understand, ma'am, living in a town all your life. . . .

MILDRED (*loftily*). I think I understand very well. I'm Irish like yourself, and I've married an Irishman and a farmer's son. . . .

BRIDGET. Ah, sure! Poor Johnny, the creature!

LORDAN. Don't mind her, Mrs. Hurley. She's old-fashioned ideas.

MILDRED. It's ridiculous to think I don't understand. I'm not a baby, absurd. . . . Have the Hayes any sons, Mr. Lordan?

LORDAN. They have two. But I haven't been able to make any hand of them, and I'm afraid they'll settle down on the farm. The present schoolmaster, he's a very excellent man, Mrs. Hurley, but he has no ambition at all for his scholars, and he didn't give the young Hayes any encouragement when they told him of the grand positions I had in my eye for them. It was very different when I was at the school.

MAGGIE. It was so.

LORDAN. Ah, then, Maggie, I could never make much hand of you.

MAGGIE (*politely*). Oh, then, there were some of us weren't altogether pleased when you went. Better the divil you know than the divil you don't know, and for all the new fella down at the school isn't such a terror for learning as yourself was, Mr. Lordan, still, times he's as cross as a bag of weasels.

BRIDGET. Now, Maggie, speak civil.

LORDAN (*in a pleased voice*). They don't like him, then?

MAGGIE. Oh, they like him well enough, only he's queer and cranky; you wouldn't know where you'd have him. He'd never say a word if you were kept at home for a week sticking potatoes; we wouldn't get the divil's tearing we used to get from you. But the time they had the poultry lectures at the school he made every girl in

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the place bring her mother, and he'd ate you if you weren't taking notes with a pencil of what the woman was saying.

MILDRED. Good gracious!

LORDAN (*indignantly*). He must be a queer sort of a schoolmaster. He's a better right to be teaching Euclid and algebra to boys after school hours than bothering himself about hens and chickens. . . . Poultry lectures, indeed! Were you at school to-day, Maggie?

MAGGIE. I was not, sir.

BRIDGET. How could she go and she wanted here? There's never a day passes that I haven't to step over and see how things are getting on, but still and all — fool as she is—they couldn't manage without her.

LORDAN. Now, Bridget, how is the child to get any knowledge at all?

BRIDGET. Oh, faith, if it's knowledge she wants, I'm the one to teach her.

MAGGIE. What a lot you know yourself.

BRIDGET. I know I'll have no impertinence out of you, Maggie Hannigan. Take that saucy puss off you and hang them clothes out on the line. (*Maggie goes out with a bundle of clothes.*)

MILDRED. Ah, the poor child!

BRIDGET. That one's very arch. You're taking too much notice of her altogether.

LORDAN. She's not a bad little thing, but I never could make anything of her in school. She'd better make up her mind to stay in Knockmalgloss all her life, she's fit for nothing else.

BRIDGET. She's not fit for much here, then! Look at her leaving half the clothes after her. (*Gathers up two or three articles and goes out.*)

MILDRED. Isn't Bridget amusing? I think she's simply capital.

LORDAN. Yes. . . . How queer and rough you must find us all.

MILDRED. Oh, but I love it! It interests me so. And

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Mary, I was surprised when I met her. I thought she'd be just a country girl with a thin veneer of civilisation, and instead she's . . . she's . . . tell me about her, Mr. Lordan!

LORDAN. What can I tell you? She's been away for so long.

MILDRED. But didn't she go to school to you? Tell me about her then. What sort of a girl was she?

LORDAN. Ah, I can tell you that, Mrs. Hurley; she was the best scholar I ever had. That girl could learn anything. I always said the Hurleys were a smart family, but Mary was the smartest of them all. I wanted to get her away to one of the convent schools in Dunmanway or Bandon, or maybe up to Dublin, for I knew I couldn't give her the teaching she wanted. Then I thought maybe I could get her into the post office, or something like that, but her father wouldn't hear of it. So she stayed on getting knowledge and education from me, and I lent her all the books I could and all that sort of thing, but she got discontented at home.

MILDRED. So in the end she went to service?

LORDAN. She did, in a fit of temper. She couldn't stand the life here any longer. I didn't blame her. Mrs. O'Mara offered her a place as servant to her sister in England, and she went off on two days' notice. But she didn't stay there long. I knew she wouldn't—a girl like her that had maybe as good an education as her mistress. It was something higher than a servant she was educated for; and mark my words, Mrs. Hurley, we'll find she's been doing great things away in England, whatever she's been working at, or I'm very much mistaken.

MILDRED. Yes, I'm sure of it. . . . That meeting to-day when she arrived was the most beautiful and touching thing I have ever seen. The love between her and her father is almost pathetic.

LORDAN. Yes, they were always very fond of each other . . . He kept her here against her will for a long time.

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MILDRED. And yet she let three years pass without sending him a letter. . . . I wonder why?

LORDAN. You may be sure she was busy and working hard. I suppose she half forgot him.

MILDRED. Yes. . . . It's wonderful how country girls get on nowadays, isn't it?

LORDAN. Ah, if only I had known more, if only I could have taught more; but when I was educated, Mrs. Hurley, it was a very poor education I got compared with what they give the young men in the training colleges to-day.

MILDRED. Was your father a farmer?

LORDAN. Yes, Mrs. Hurley, in a wild, God-forsaken spot back of the mountains. My mother died when I was a year old, and there was only my father and my uncle in the house. And every year I saw the loneliness and the desolation of it making them queerer and queerer. . . . My uncle took to drink, my father died mad. I had cut myself away before that happened, but do you wonder now why I want to get the children out of Knockmalgloss? This is a lonely place too, and I've seen things. . . . I've seen things I won't sadden you by telling.

Mary comes in. She is a pretty girl, slight and delicate.

MARY. What are you both talking so earnestly about?

LORDAN (*getting cheerful again*). Well, we began with you yourself. . . .

MARY. Me?

LORDAN. And I was going on to speak of education generally.

MARY. Oh, you were always fond of that subject.

LORDAN. Yes, and seeing you just now has put a great idea into my head.

MARY. What is that?

LORDAN. Well, you know, I was just telling Mrs. Hurley the same thing, I'm trying to get Kattie Hayes away to a place in Dublin. There's a pretty stiff examination to pass, and if she does get through, the salary is poor, and

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her prospects of getting on small. However, I didn't see anything else I could do with the girl. But now, since I've seen you I've got a great idea.

MILDRED. Well, Mr. Lordan ?

LORDAN. I haven't heard yet, Mary, what exactly you're doing in London, but I've no doubt at all you're earning plenty of money.

MARY (*sharply*). How do you know that ?

LORDAN. I've only to look at you, to look at your clothes; eh, Mrs. Hurley ?

MILDRED. Yes.

LORDAN. Well, you remember Kattie, Mary ?

MARY. Yes ; she was a very pretty child.

LORDAN. She has grown up into a beautiful girl ; indeed I might call her a young woman now. Well, my idea is that we'll get her away to London.

MARY. To London ? . . . What good would that be ?

LORDAN. Ah ! That's where I want you to help me. I want you to try and get her into the same sort of place as you're in. Now ! You'll do that, won't you ?

MARY. No, I don't think so.

MILDRED. What ?

LORDAN. Oh, come, Mary, the Hayes' were always good friends with the Hurleys. It's a queer thing you wouldn't give the girl a helping hand.

MARY (*crossing towards inner room door*). I don't think I could help her.

LORDAN. Why couldn't you ?

MARY. I don't like London. Why should she go to London ?

LORDAN. Oh, come, Mary.

MILDRED. It's a question of taste; she might like it well enough.

LORDAN. It would be a great chance for her. Come, you will help her, won't you ?

MARY. I don't think so.

MILDRED. What sort of a place are you in, in London ?

MARY. I'm a typist.

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LORDAN. A typist ? I don't know very much about that sort of work, but I'm sure . . .

MARY. Well, I do. (*Towards him.*) I'd rather see Kattie Hayes walking the roads with tinkers, or dying in the workhouse at Dunmanway, before I'd move my little finger to bring her to London.

LORDAN. My dear Mary ! Have you thought that . . .

MARY. I have thought. I've lived it. (*She goes out left into inner room.*)

MILDRED. How odd of her !

LORDAN. I don't understand Mary. One would think that after living in London and seeing the world she'd like other girls to get the same chances. No, I don't understand it.

MILDRED. Tell me, Mr. Lordan, was she . . . was she fond of . . . of company, when you knew her; flighty and . . . and . . . fond of amusement ?

LORDAN. She wasn't, she was a very quiet girl, Mrs. Hurley ; a quiet, soft-spoken little thing.

MILDRED. Hm ! . . .

JACK (*from outside*). Are you there, Mildred ?

MILDRED. Yes.

JACK (*appearing*). Maurice and I want to speak . . . oh . . . (*breaks off as he sees Lordan. Maurice is behind Jack.*)

LORDAN. I'll be off, Jack.

JACK. Don't go, Mr. Lordan, there's no hurry. I wanted to have a word with Mildred, but it will do any time. Don't hurry away.

LORDAN. Ah, it's time I was getting along. . . Good-bye, Mrs. Hurley.

MILDRED. Good-bye.

LORDAN. Good-bye, Jack. (*Goes out.*)

JACK. Good-bye, sir. (*Shuts the door and comes back.*)

MILDRED. You look dreadfully serious, Jack, what's happened ?

JACK. You remember, Mildred, I told you last night how mistaken I was about the farm, how instead of it

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being a thriving farm it was hampered with debts and a mortgage.

MILDRED. Yes ?

JACK. Well, since then, as you know, we have had that fire, which makes things very serious.

MILDRED. But Bridget says you'll get compensation, and that the money . . .

JACK. Exactly. My father set fire to the buildings himself in order to get co pensation.

MILDRED. Jack !

JACK. It's a nice thing, isn't it ?

MILDRED. But . . . that's not . . . honest, is it ?

JACK. It's so flagrantly dishonest that I'm not going to allow it to be done. But the farm is on the brink of ruin, and—as Maurice says—it was the expenses of my education which first forced them to borrow money. So I have little or no right to criticise their method of repaying themselves unless I can suggest a better plan.

MILDRED. I don't quite understand.

JACK. I mean that I look on myself as responsible for the money that was spent on me, I feel I owe it to my father. If I can repay it, well and good. If I can't, I am in his debt and have no right to prevent him repaying himself by fair means or foul.

MILDRED. But, Jack, we've no money, we can't . . .

JACK. I want to know, Mildred, are you sincere in what you said yesterday; could you really come and live on a farm ? We can repay father by giving up Dublin, selling our furniture, realising everything, and coming to work down here.

MILDRED. Leaving Dublin altogether ?

JACK. Yes, for good and all. Mildred, I know it's an awful lot to ask you to do, but it's to save father and Maurice, to save the fa ily from disgrace. I can't bear to think of them getting money on a lie. I know I and the others have brought him to this and . . . and . . . I can't bear it.

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MAURICE. Mind you, I'm not wanting Jack to come down here. I don't care if he stops in Dublin all his life and never sends us a pound of his money. I don't want you to leave the shop and sell your furniture; can't you let us go on the way we were going. . . .

JACK. I will not, when it was leading you to dishonesty and lies. . . .

MAURICE. You're a liar yourself.

JACK. I'm not.

MILDRED. Hush, dear. You should be ashamed of yourself, Maurice, to speak like that. . . . Yes, Jack, we will give up Dublin, though that's all the thanks we get for it. I meant every word I said yesterday; I'd love to be on a farm looking after the fowl and the dairy. And Maurice will live to thank us yet.

JACK. You're a darling.

MILDRED. Write at once and give notice to Mr. Corrib, Jack. I suppose you'll have to stay with him a month longer, and you must sell the furniture and try and get a tenant for the house. I'll stay on down here.

MAURICE. Can't you both go away up to Dublin, sure. . . .

JACK. Shut up!

MILDRED. Have you no sense of honesty?

MAURICE (*sullenly, turning to go out*). Well, 'twasn't I set fire to the place anyhow. (*Goes out.*)

JACK. One thing, Mildred; don't say a word to Mary about this, about father setting fire to the place, I mean. She worships him, and it would mean horrible disillusionment.

MILDRED. I understand.

JACK. We'll just say we've decided to stay on down here, that is if you have quite decided. Remember it's not too late to change your mind. Do you really, honestly want to stay?

MILDRED. Yes, Jack, we'll stay. (*He kisses her.*)

CURTAIN.

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ACT III

SCENE—*The same as Act II. Time—three weeks later, early morning.*

Bridget is at work in the room over the fire. Enter by the back door Mildred in a pink print dress with an apron and her sleeves rolled up above her elbows. She throws herself into a chair.

BRIDGET. Hasn't it come yet ?

MILDRED. No, I don't know what to do. Two hours, Bridget, two hours I've been at the beastly thing.

BRIDGET. Well, well. Who have you left at it ?

MILDRED. Maggie. I'll rest for a quarter of an hour and then go back to it. How long will it go on like this ?

BRIDGET (*philosophically*). You couldn't tell. Butter's a queer thing; there's no rule at all for it.

MILDRED. It took an hour last week, and when it did come it wasn't particularly good. I think it was you churned the week before that.

BRIDGET. That was the day you went into Cork to get the stuff for your dresses. It took about half an hour.

MILDRED. Only half an hour ! And I've done everything the book said; I've heated the cream, and then it was too hot, so I cooled it, and I've turned the right number of turns a minute, and got quicker when the book said I should. Oh ! I've done everything, and the beastly thing keeps on being cream, nothing but cream.

BRIDGET. Ay, it's no joke. There's no rule at all for it.

MILDRED. Can't you suggest anything that would bring it ?

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BRIDGET. Well, I've heard the old people say that there's nothing to beat stirring the cream with the hand of a dead woman . . .

MILDRED. Don't be ridiculous; something reasonable I mean.

BRIDGET. Faith, there's reason enough in that. It's too hot you had the cream.

MILDRED. But the book said . . .

BRIDGET. Yerra, don't mind the book. I'll step over to the dairy myself in a minute.

MILDRED. I do think Mary might give a hand with it.

BRIDGET. Where is she?

MILDRED. I don't know. She got up after breakfast saying something about going to the top of the hill, but she must have known it was butter morning. At first she used to help me about the house, but lately . . .

BRIDGET. Ah, now, don't be hard on her.

MILDRED. She should take her share of the work all the same. She's so queer and moony the last three or four days, hardly speaking a word to any one . . . Bridget, *I* think there's something queer about her.

BRIDGET. Queer?

MILDRED. Yes. I think there's something we know nothing of. Wandering up the hills like that . . . and never speaking . . . and last night . . . (*stops*).

BRIDGET. Yes, what was she doing last night?

MILDRED. Oh, nothing . . . only I heard her walking about her room almost the whole night—I couldn't sleep from it—and sometimes I thought I heard her crying.

BRIDGET. Crying? What ails her at all? She's looking white and thin, but I thought she'd be getting her health now she was back in Knockmalgloss. Did you notice last Sunday how gay she was? The first Sundays she was at Mass she was so quiet and shy not a one looked at her, but last Sunday whatever she done to herself there wasn't a lad in the chapel yard that hadn't his eye cocked after her.

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MILDRED. Do, Bridget, go and see if the butter is thinking of coming.

BRIDGET. I will so; you may warrant my brave Maggie isn't killing herself over it. (*Goes out.*)

A moment later Jack comes in followed and half supported by Timothy.

MILDRED. Jack! What's happened?

TIMOTHY. Get him a glass of water and a dash of whiskey in it . . . are you better now?

JACK (*feebly*). Yes, thanks.

MILDRED (*getting a glass off the dresser and pouring a little whiskey into it and filling it up with water*). What's happened, what is it, is he hurt?

TIMOTHY. Hurt? Not at all, 'tis only a sort of wakeness he got below in the field.

MILDRED. A weakness?

TIMOTHY. Yes, a wakeness from the heat of the sun and the way he was working. . . . There now, drink that down an' you'll feel better.

MILDRED. Here, dear. You'll be better now.

TIMOTHY. Ay, that'll put the heart into him.

JACK. Yes, I'm all right now. I . . . don't know what made me be such . . . an ass, I never did a thing like that before.

MILDRED. Did you faint?

JACK. Yes. We were just piking up the first sheaves, and suddenly the whole field seemed to go round and round.

TIMOTHY. Be the holy star when I saw him drop I thought it was dead he was—a sort of stitch in the heart he got.

MILDRED. It must have been the sun, it's very hot after the rain.

TIMOTHY. Well, now it's not so terrible hot, but Jack maybe feels it more than another. It's according to what you're used to.

MILDRED. That's it, he's not used to it, and he's working too hard; he's no right to be killing himself . . .

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JACK (*feebly petulant*). No, no, dear, I'm not working hard at all; I'll be all right now in a minute. Go on down to the field, father, and I'll be after you in a little while.

MILDRED. Indeed you'll do no such thing.

TIMOTHY. You shouldn't go out in the sun again to-day, and sure we can get Peter's son to pike up, he's a handy lad.

MILDRED. Yes, of course, Jack; they can manage quite well without you.

JACK (*petulantly*). Go on down to the field anyway.

TIMOTHY. Yes, I'll be going . . . if you see the wakeness coming on him again give him another sup of the whiskey, or maybe we ought to send for the doctor.

MILDRED. Yes, I think . . .

JACK. Doctor! Nonsense, I'm all right.

TIMOTHY. Well, well, we'll see, we'll see. (*Goes out.*)

MILDRED (*anxiously*). Are you really better, dear?

JACK. Yes, yes, I tell you I'm all right.

MILDRED. You quite frightened me coming in like that, but you know your father is right, you're not fit for the work. (*Jack is silent.*) Don't you see it yourself? This isn't the kind of work you can do.

JACK (*doggedly*). I'm a farmer's son.

MILDRED. Yes, of course, but you've risen higher than your father. It's all a question of fitness, he couldn't make up prescriptions in Dublin and you can't farm in Knockmalgloss. (*Jack is obstinately silent.*) We must realise it, Jack, we musn't be blindly obstinate; you're not made for a farmer's life.

JACK. I . . . I . . .

MILDRED. And I'm not either.

JACK. You?

MILDRED. Yes, I thought it was all a joke, all child's play, but I've found it isn't, I can't do the work.

JACK. You'd soon learn.

MILDRED. No, not for ages. And besides, I don't want to learn.

JACK. That means you're sick of it?

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MILDRED. No, not exactly, it . . . Yes, Jack, I am sick of it.

JACK (*patiently*). You want to go back to Dublin?

MILDRED. I want to get out of Knockmalgloss. I suppose you're angry with me now, but it was a ridiculous idea all along. What chance have I of settling comfortably into this life? It was a quixotic idea. It's all very well to look at from a distance, but . . . it's hateful to have to live it.

JACK. Hateful?

MILDRED. Yes, positively hateful.

JACK. What do you object to?

MILDRED. Everything, simply everything. I couldn't possibly settle down here and you couldn't either, you must realise that . . . don't be obstinate, Jack.

JACK. You mean we ought to go away?

MILDRED. Well, are we doing any good here? You gave up your place in Dublin to repay your father what he spent on you. What have you given him? A month's salary that old Corrib flung at you for daring to give him notice and sixteen pounds that the dealer gave you for the furniture, that's all.

JACK. We may get a tenant for the house.

MILDRED. If we do we'll want every penny of the money and maybe more to pay our own rent.

JACK. Well, I give him the work of my hands, and there's the work you do . . .

MILDRED. Much good that is. The dairy and everything got on much better before I had anything to say to them. And what practical use are you to Maurice? What he wants is a strong labouring man, not a gentleman pupil.

JACK (*bitterly*). You're candid, certainly.

MILDRED. It's better to be candid than to waste your life deceiving yourself.

JACK. I want to save father and make the farm succeed, I want that more than anything, Mildred.

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MILDRED. You're doing neither the one thing nor the other. You're simply estranging your father and Maurice. They're getting to hate you for keeping them out of their money, and I don't think you've any right to do it when you can't give them anything in exchange.

JACK. Mildred! I thought you agreed with me how frightfully dishonest it is?

MILDRED. I'm not denying the dishonesty, I'm only saying what you said yourself when you persuaded me to live down here. I wish to goodness I had refused. (*Silence.*) Jack, let's chuck it. (*Silence.*)

JACK (*rousing himself*). No, no, I can't give it up like this at the first reverse; don't ask me to do that, Mildred.

MILDRED. When you asked me to come and live here I consented at once.

JACK. Where do you want to go?

MILDRED. I want to go abroad.

JACK. Oh, Mildred, why do you want me to leave Ireland?

MILDRED (*coaxingly*). Because my boy is a clever boy and I want him to get on. I don't want him to stick in Ireland all his life. You are clever, you know, and I don't think you'll ever get a fair chance in this country, or at least you won't get as good a chance as you'd get in a new country. Don't you think so?

JACK. You're ambitious?

MILDRED. Yes, for my boy's sake, and just a little for my own.

JACK. I thought when you married me you were quite content to be the wife of a peasant, and then you said you'd like to live the life.

MILDRED (*serenely*). Oh, I've changed my mind, besides you never were a peasant really.

JACK (*feebly*). I don't want to get on; I mean I haven't that sort of ambition for myself.

MILDRED. Then have a little for me. Oh yes, of course, it's very charming to be your wife, but . . .

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but . . well, Jack, candidly the wife of a chemist isn't of much account up in Dublin. Remember, dear, I've travelled about with my father, I've seen the world and a good deal of society and . . . and I feel the change. Oh, dear, I don't want to hurt you, you're so sweet and good to me, but I'd be happier if I thought there was a chance of your getting on to something better.

JACK. But abroad I'd still be a chemist; it seems the only thing I can do.

MILDRED. Ah, but if we left Ireland father would soon climb down. You know he practically promised me an allowance if we went away, and besides in the Colonies it's different; there aren't such straight lines drawn between the classes; you'd see how I'd get you on if I once had you away from Dublin. There, give me a kiss and say I'm the wisest little wife in the world.

JACK. I can't give up such a lot all at once; don't ask me to, I can't . . .

MILDRED. Oh, but you will. And remember if you insist on staying in this place . . . well, you'll stay without me. (*Gaily.*) There. That's my ultimatum.

JACK. Oh! (*Enter Maggie.*)

MAGGIE. Bridget Twomey says the butter's after coming and for you to go out to the dairy. (*Enter Mary.*)

MILDRED. Oh, I don't care about the old butter. Yes, tell her I'm coming. (*Exit Maggie.*) Oh, Mary, such a morning as I've had with the butter; it simply wouldn't come. I've been at it about two hours and a half.

MARY. I'm sorry. I'd have helped you only I was busy.

MILDRED. Busy!

MARY. Are you better, Jack?

JACK. Yes, thank you, I'm all right.

MILDRED (*going out*). Well, I must go and look after my butter. I suppose you're too busy to give me a hand with it?

MARY. Are you really better? You look wretched. Wouldn't you go and lie down?

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JACK. I'm beaten, Mary.

MARY. Beaten ?

JACK. Yes, beaten. I thought I could easily come back to farm life, but I find I'm a weakling . . . useless . . . useless.

MARY. Oh, nonsense !

JACK. I meant to live on here and help Maurice and try to save the farm, but . . . but . . . a boy of twelve could do better work than I can.

MARY. Never mind, Jack, maybe things aren't as bad as they seem.

JACK. Oh, but they are. The farm is in a terribly serious state, Mary; there's nothing for it now but to sell it up and put father out on the road.

MARY. Never fear, father isn't in the least likely to be put out on the road. I've just been down telling Maurice the good news, and I came up to tell you.

JACK. Good news ?

MARY. Yes, very good news. It's . . . it's a long story, Jack, but I . . . the fact of it is I wrote to Patrick last week and told him the state of things at home. I thought it was ridiculous of Maurice to be so proud about it, because I was sure Patrick would help us if he knew how badly off we were.

JACK. Yes, what did he say ?

MARY. He wrote very affectionately and sent . . . fifty pounds.

JACK. Fifty pounds!

MARY. Isn't it splendid ? And — better still — he says he will send as much again in a week or two, and more from time to time.

JACK. Mary ! Oh, isn't this splendid ! The farm is saved. Why didn't we write to him before. Good old Patrick ! I thought he couldn't be as bad as Maurice tried to make out. . . . But, Mary, how did you know where he lived ? None of us have heard from him for years.

MARY (*glibly*). Oh, we met by chance one day in

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London, and since then we have written sometimes to each other.

JACK. Where is he, what is he doing ?

MARY. He didn't tell me exactly what he was doing ; he's secretary or something to a very rich man.

JACK. Does he live in London ?

MARY. Well . . . he asked me not to tell his address to the people here ; he doesn't want it known. Maurice is right, he is a bit ashamed of us, but please don't remind Maurice of it. He must be fond of father to send him all this money.

JACK. Yes, of course. What a relief ! I don't feel so hopeless now. Fancy, Mildred has just said she can't stand Knockmalgloss, that we must go away. I felt so sick about it, but I don't mind quite as much now when I think that I'll leave father prosperous.

MARY. Oh, Jack, I'm sorry you're going, you had set your heart on living at Knockmalgloss, but I knew Mildred could never be happy here ; you couldn't expect her to be, could you ?

JACK. N-no, I suppose not.

MARY. I'm going away to-day.

JACK (*blankly*). Going away ?

MARY. Yes, I'm going back to London.

JACK. But I thought you had given it up for good.

MARY. So I had, but . . . but I've got into the way of working, and I couldn't be happy idling here at home. I've made up my mind to go back and Bridget's father is driving down to the station in half an hour and he'll give me a lift.

JACK. Well, Mary, I think that's rotten of you ! You've only just come, and why do you go away in such a hurry. Father will be awfully disgusted. Why, you've only been here three weeks.

MARY. Yes, I know I have. I . . . I . . . thought I would stay much longer, but now I find I can't.

JACK. But has your post been kept open for you ?

MARY. Oh, yes.

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JACK. Well, I call it rotten. When will you be over again ?

MARY (*hastily*). Oh, I don't know. Not for a long time. Would you mind giving me the key of my bag, Jack; you borrowed it, do you remember, to try if it would fit yours.

JACK. Oh yes, I have it in my pocket, I think. Look here, you're not going out into the infinite the way you did before. If Mildred and I go back to Dublin you must come over and spend Christmas with us, and (*taking out of his pocket a pencil and a piece of torn paper*) give me your address now.

MARY. My . . . address ? . . .

JACK. Yes, I must know where to write to you.

MARY. Of . . . of course. (*With an effort.*) Twenty-one, Kingscote Mansions, will find me.

JACK. Where on earth is that ? I mean is it S.W. or what ?

MARY. Yes, yes. S.W.

JACK. All right. Is that where you work or where you live ?

MARY. That's where I work.

JACK. And whereabouts do you live ?

MARY (*hurriedly*). Oh, I . . . I . . . out Hampstead way.

JACK. You're typing, aren't you ?

MARY. Yes. Give me the key please, I want to lock my bag.

JACK. Oh, wait a minute, there's time enough. I was wondering whether you couldn't get the same sort of work in Dublin. That would be so awfully nice for us, wouldn't it ? What sort of an office are you in ?

MARY. A stockbroker's office.

JACK. Oh, well, you should be able to get a place like that in Dublin. (*Making a spill of the paper in his hand and proceeding to light his pipe at the fire.*)

MARY. I don't want to go to Dublin.

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JACK. What's . . . the . . . matter with . . . Dublin ?

MARY. Oh, I don't know, I wouldn't like it ; I'd rather stay on in London.

JACK. Well, maybe Mildred and I might run over and see you at Christmas. How do you get to . . . what's the name of the place ? Oh, hang it all, Mary, I've burnt the paper with your address, what a donkey I am, I lit my pipe with it. Give it to me again like a good girl ; I'll write it in my pocket-book this time. (*Takes out pocket-book after he has waited for her to speak.*) Yes ?

MARY. Twenty. . . . I'll give it to you before I go. (*Turns to leave.*)

JACK. No, maybe we'd forget it. Give it to me now. "Twenty-one." What's the rest ?

MARY. Twenty-one . . .

JACK. Surely you haven't forgotten it ?

MARY (*quickly*). Oh no, of course not. (*Desperately.*) Twenty-one, Brompton Road.

JACK. Brompton Road ; why, that's not the same address ?

MARY. That's . . . that's my other address.

JACK. But that's not near Hampstead.

MARY. It will find me all right.

JACK. But . . .

MARY. Give me the key now, Jack, please. (*Her voice is so pitiful that he looks at her startled.*)

JACK. What's the matter ?

MARY. Nothing.

JACK. There is something. Is it about these addresses ?

MARY. No, no, there's nothing the matter.

JACK (*persistently*). Are they bogus addresses ?

MARY (*trying to smile*). Of course not. What put that idea into your head ?

JACK. They are bogus addresses.

MARY. No, Jack. How . . . how ridiculous.

JACK. I know they're bogus addresses ; why did you give them to me ?

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MARY. No, Jack . . .

JACK. Why did you give them to me ?

MARY (*after trying to speak*). I . . . I . . . don't know.

JACK. Don't you want me to know where you live ?

MARY. I'll . . . I'll explain later. (*Tries to pass him, but he stops her.*)

JACK (*sternly*). No, I must have your explanation now. (*Silence.*) Well, I'm waiting for it. Why don't you want me to know where you live ?

MARY. I . . . I. . . . (*Dead silence.*)

JACK. Mary, what are you doing in London ?

MARY (*after a moment*). I think you know, Jack ?

JACK. Mary ! This . . . this . . . isn't true, is it, Mary ? I mean. . . .

MARY (*quietly*). It is quite true. . . . Typing didn't pay, so I . . . I found a more paying profession.

JACK. Mary !

MARY. Why did you press me so hard, Jack ? You need never have known.

JACK (*after a moment*). How could you ?

MARY. I don't want to defend myself, but . . . I was too well educated to be a servant, and I was never happy as one, so to better myself I learned typing. . . . It's a hard life, Jack, and I soon found out how hard it was, and I was as dissatisfied as ever. Then there only seemed one way out of it . . . and he . . . my employer, I mean. . . .

JACK. What brutes men are !

MARY. No, Jack; honestly, I went into it deliberately with my eyes open. You see, a woman I knew chucked typing and went in for this . . . and I saw what a splendid time she had, and how happy she was — and I was so miserably unhappy — and how she had everything she wanted and I had nothing, and . . . and . . .

JACK. Oh, Mary, how could you ?

MARY. But this life made me unhappy too, and so in desperation I came home; but I've grown too far away from it all, and now I'm going back.

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JACK. You're not going deliberately back to that life?

MARY. Yes, Jack, I am. I wrote a few days ago to . . . to the man I've been with lately, and asked him for money, and he sent me fifty pounds, and is willing to have me back.

JACK. Fifty pounds? But Patrick? . . .

MARY. All that about Patrick is a fable intended to deceive Maurice and father. I meant to deceive you, too, but you pressed me so hard.

JACK. You're not going back, you're not going to sacrifice yourself for father and the farm; it's ridiculous, it's not worth it.

MARY (*quietly*). I'm not sacrificing myself. Even if he hadn't sent me the money I'd have gone back. I'm not sacrificing myself.

JACK. I don't understand.

MARY. Don't you see, Jack, I'm not happy here. I thought if I could get home to the farm and the old simple life it would be all right, but it isn't. Everything jars on me, the roughness and the hard living and the coarse food—oh, it seems ridiculous—but they make me physically ill. I always thought, "if I could get away home to Knockmalgloss I could start fair again."

JACK. Yes, Mary, you can, you can.

MARY. So I came home, and everything is the same, and everyone thinks I'm as pure and innocent as when I went away, but . . . but . . .

JACK. Then stay, Mary.

MARY. But, Jack, the dreadful thing is I want to go back. . . . You weren't at home, you didn't see how father—because he loved me—kept me here against my will . . . almost strangled me. Well, I broke out when I got away, I threw all the old things overboard. I've had a splendid time. I can't give it up. I'm longing for that life, and its excitement and splendour and colour. I want a big city and crowds of people and bright lights and lovely costly clothes, and . . . and . . . oh, Jack, I want it all, all that dreadful, splendid life.

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JACK. Stop, Mary, pull yourself together. Of course, life here is dull, but you'd get used to it in time, you would indeed, i n d e e d you would, Mary.

MARY. No, no, there's nothing here would satisfy me. I must get back to London, I must, Jack. I want it. . . . I . . .

JACK. Don't talk like that.

MARY. When the sun sets here it's all so dark and cold and dreary; but in London—why we're only beginning to live then! It's a dreadful life, but oh, it's so splendid!

JACK. What are you saying? Yet you know you got sick of it.

MARY. Only because I thought Knockmalgloss was calling me home. But I was wrong. I must go on, on. I'm so restless, you can't ever go back, Jack, if you once get into the stream you must go on, on, on.

JACK. Yes; on, on.

MARY. We're all like that, all except father and Maurice; and Jack, I'm so terrified that somehow or other—in some indirect way—they may come under the influence that has destroyed us. I think Maurice is harder than he used to be, and a few nights ago I dreamed that father had stolen a lot of money to pay the debts. I woke crying. Oh, Jack, if t h a t should ever come to be true!

JACK. Oh . . . Oh, nonsense, that . . . that was only a dream.

MARY. Yes, but some day it might come true; so, Jack, I must go back and help them.

JACK. Do you imagine for a moment that we'd use money earned by you that way to keep the farm together?

MARY. I said that sort of thing myself when I left London; I called it the wages of shame, and I only took away two plain dresses and the barest necessities of life, but I see now that's all nonsense, and before a month had passed I wrote and begged for fifty pounds!

JACK. It's different . . . asking it for yourself, but we couldn't live on it.

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MARY. Don't you understand that nothing would make me happier than the thought that I am helping father and Maurice?

JACK. And do you think there'd be an hour's happiness for them as long as you earn money that way?

MARY. Maurice doesn't know, he need never know; I trust you, Jack, not to tell him. . . . I am going back for my own sake and to help father while I can.

JACK. While you can?

MARY. I . . . I think this man is begininng to tire, and . . . and . . .

JACK. But he sent you—oh, it's too horrible!

MARY. Fifty pounds is a mere bagatelle to him; it's easier to write a cheque than a passionate letter, and his was so cold.

JACK. Is there no chance of his marrying you?

MARY. No. He's married already. (*A pause.*)

JACK. Mary, come and live with Mildred and me in Dublin. You mustn't go back to London.

MARY. I couldn't, dear, thank you very much, but I couldn't . . . besides I'm sure Mildred wouldn't have me.

JACK. She'd have to.

MARY. No, it wouldn't do. I think from the very beginning she has suspected me.

JACK. Oh, no, I'm sure she hasn't.

MARY. Anyway I'd hate a pokey, middle-class existence in Dublin . . . I'd feel caged again.

JACK. How hopeless it seems.

MARY. Poor Jack! There, I hear Mildred's voice. Give me the key and I'll run and close my bag. (*He gives it to her. She goes out.*)

MILDRED (*entering with a bowl of butter in her hand followed by Maggie with a jug. Mildred puts the bowl on the dresser*). Give me the buttermilk. (*Maggie gives it to her.*) There's the cloth Bridget wants. (*Gives a cloth to Maggie, who goes out.*) Why, what's the matter, Jack? You're not faint again, are you?

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JACK. No, thank you.

MILDRED. Then what is it? . . . Oh, I suppose you're as sick as I am of this hole of a place, but never mind, it's only for another day or so.

JACK (*with difficulty*). It's not that at all, Mildred, it's (*not looking at her*) I'm in terrible trouble, and I think you're the only person can help me out of it.

MILDRED. Trouble, Jack? Fresh trouble?

JACK. Yes, fresh, dreadful, terrifying trouble. . . . It's about . . . Mary . . .

MILDRED. Yes?

JACK. I want her . . . I want you to persuade her to come and live with us in Dublin.

MILDRED. To live with us in Dublin? Why?

JACK. I don't want her to go back to London. She intends going back at once.

MILDRED. But if she wants to go why should we stop her?

JACK. Oh, she mustn't go, Mildred; you must persuade her to come and live with us.

MILDRED. But why? We may not be in Dublin for long. And anyway . . .

JACK. Don't you want her to come?

MILDRED. I don't see how we could afford to have her.

JACK. She could get work in Dublin. At any rate, Mildred, she mustn't go back to London. You must get her to stay.

MILDRED. What is the matter, Jack? I don't see why we should prevent her if she wants to go back to London, and certainly I'm not very keen to have her with us in Dublin.

JACK. Then you won't ask her?

MILDRED. I don't see why I should.

JACK. Then . . . then I'll have to tell you why . . . I'm trying to save her.

MILDRED. Save her?

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JACK. It's . . . it's . . . I don't know how to tell you. She's . . . she's been living with a man in London. They're not married.

MILDRED (*almost with triumph*). Ah, I thought so.

JACK. She's been very unhappy and she came home, and now she's unhappy here and she wants to go back. . . . She wants to go back, Mildred, back to London.

MILDRED. Yes ?

JACK. I've done my best, I've used every argument in my power and I can't shake her; she seems determined. I've begged, pleaded . . . so now, Mildred, you must help me.

MILDRED. How can *I* help you ?

JACK. You must try and persuade her . . . a woman may know what arguments to use to another woman. Everything I say seems to make her only more determined, but you'll know how to persuade her.

MILDRED. I'm afraid I couldn't persuade her.

JACK. Oh, yes, I'm sure you can; she thinks she wouldn't be happy with us in Dublin, but you could get that idea out of her head. Insist on her coming back with us to Dublin.

MILDRED. If you couldn't shake her resolution it's hardly likely that she'll listen to anything I say.

JACK. Oh, but try. Come and speak to her now in her room. (*Catching her arm and half pulling her to the door.*)

MILDRED. Don't, Jack.

JACK (*stopping suddenly*). Don't you want her to come ?

MILDRED (*angry at the way he has dragged her*). No, I don't.

JACK. Mildred !

MILDRED. I'm awfully sorry for her, of course, but I certainly won't have her to live with us.

JACK. Why not ?

MILDRED. Because . . . because she's not respectable.

JACK. Not respectable ?

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MILDRED. I'm not going to have a woman like that living in the house with me. I don't know how you could ask me to do such a thing.

JACK (*controlling himself with an effort*). You . . . mean . . . you won't help her at all?

MILDRED. I'll help her some other way.

JACK. This is the only way you can help her . . . Do you realise, Mildred, that she's going back to London, back to that life; won't you try to save her from it?

MILDRED. I'll give her money.

JACK. You may keep your damned money. Do you think she's a beggar-woman in the streets you can fling a sixpence to?

MILDRED. I don't see much difference between them.

JACK. How dare you say that?

MILDRED (*trying to pass him*). Let me out. Let me go; how dare you try to stop me? Jack, what's the matter with you?

JACK. You don't understand me, don't you? You thought you'd married a soft-spoken, civilised, town-bred boy, and you find yourself tied for life to a brutal Irish peasant. Yes, I'm only a peasant, though you say no one would ever think it; as if a few years in Dublin, shop-made clothes, and a little education make any difference in a man like me, whose fathers have lived on the soil for three hundred years? You think you know me? Pf! You don't, and you never will.

MILDRED. Jack.

JACK. You made a mistake when you married me—damn you—you'll have to take fresh stock of the peasant, my dear Mildred.

MILDRED. I thought . . .

JACK. I don't care a damn what you thought. . . . (*As Mildred reaches the door Mary enters. She has her bag in her hand.*)

MARY. What is it? Jack, what's the matter? (*Mildred passes out.*) What have you been doing to Mildred?

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JACK Mildred has been learning the sort of man she married.

MARY. Oh, Jack, you have given way to one of those dreadful fits of temper. Oh, how could you? I thought you had cured yourself of them long ago.

JACK. Why should I be ashamed of my temper? It's part of myself; it's more myself than this politeness and soft speaking and . . .

MARY. What nonsense, Jack; you must have terrified Mildred.

JACK. Yes, I fancy I did . . . but I don't care what she thinks of me.

MARY. What was it all about?

JACK. It was about you.

MARY. About me? Oh, I suppose you asked her to be nice to me, and she . . . how stupid of you. Of course she's not that sort . . . you must apologise, Jack.

JACK. Indeed, I won't. She . . . she insulted you.

MARY. Well, you must make it up, Jack. What sort of a life will you have if you begin like this?

JACK. Life? We'll have a dog's life, Mary. I think it would be better if we parted altogether.

MARY. No, no, you can't do that, it would be grossly unfair to her.

JACK (*desperately*). But I can't live her life, I can't understand her and she can't understand me. What are we to do?

MARY. You had better go away, you must leave Ireland altogether, and never come back. Try and forget you're an Irish peasant, it's the only thing to do.

JACK. I can't; I want to come back to this peasant life.

MARY. You can't do that since you've married a girl like Mildred. You must live her life.

JACK. How can I, how can I? You're not really going, are you?

MARY. Yes, I am.

JACK. I can't offer you shelter in Dublin, Mary, but for God's sake don't go back to London.

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MARY. I must, Jack; I couldn't stay here.

JACK. Think . . . think of father, Mary. He thinks there is no one in the world like you. He's been fretting for years because you weren't here, and now you're going away again, perhaps never to come back. Mary, if you've a spark of affection for him you'll stay.

MARY (*troubled*). Oh, Jack.

JACK. He's old and he's had a hard life, but if he had you here with him till he dies he'll be a happy man. And then, Mary, if you go back to London haven't you ever thought that perhaps—somehow or other—you might be seen there by some one who knew you and . . . and understood, and who'd come back here and tell him. Have you ever thought of that?

MARY (*in a low voice*). Yes, often and often.

JACK. Don't run the risk of his finding out, it would kill him.

MARY. If I stayed—we're so poor—the farm so hampered. Oh, Jack, my dream—if it should come true!

JACK. Is that one of your reasons for going?

MARY. Yes. My love for him is the only thing that makes me hesitate about going, but in another sense it's one of the things that's drawing me back to London.

JACK. You mean that you want to prevent your dream coming true?

MARY. Yes.

JACK. Then I'll tell you that you're too late. Father himself set fire to those buildings to get compensation. So there's no use in your going back to save him from dishonesty. Your dream is true. Now, you'll stay, won't you?

MARY (*pausing for a moment, then breaking into half hysterical laughter*). And I thought he was so simple, so innocent, so unspoiled! Oh, Jack, how . . . how killingly funny! Father, the simple, honest peasant, the only decent one of us. I cried all last night at the contrast! His unselfishness, his simplicity . . . oh, Jack, how funny; and you thought that would keep me?

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Why we're all equally bad now—he and I—we both sell ourselves, he for the price of those old houses and I for a few years of splendour and happiness. . . . There's no reason why he shouldn't know all about me. I'm no worse than he. . . . I don't care now, I can enjoy my life thoroughly. Nothing on earth will stop me going. You've done me the best turn in your life telling me that. Give me a kiss, old boy, and I'll be off. (*Before she reaches him Lordan enters.*)

JACK. I implore . . .

MARY. No, no, it's no use.

LORDAN (*cheerfully*). Well, hasn't Patrick behaved nobly. I was speaking to Maurice just now and he told me he is going to marry Bridget on the strength of it. . . . Where is she till I congratulate her?

MARY. I don't know. Round in the dairy, perhaps.

LORDAN. Well, I'll have a look for her. Do you feel better, Jack? I heard you got a bit faint in the cornfield just now.

JACK (*dully*). Oh, I'm all right.

LORDAN. You're not fit for such rough coarse work. . . . I never thought Patrick was as ungrateful as Maurice tried to make out, fifty pounds he sent over in an envelope as easy as you or I would send a shilling postal order . . . and I hear he says he'll send any amount more; you're a wonderful family!

MARY (*smiling*). Yes, a wonderful family!

LORDAN. The way you've all got on! I tell you what, if every boy and girl I ever taught had turned out a failure I'd feel content and satisfied when I looked at all of you and saw what I've made of you.

MARY. What you've made of us? I wonder do you really know what you've made of us?

LORDAN. Isn't it easily seen? One with a motor car, no less; and one sending over fifty pounds as easily as sixpence, and Jack here . . . ah! It was good, sound seed I sowed long ago in the little schoolhouse and it's to-day you're all reaping the rich harvest.

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MARY. I wonder have you any idea of the harvest we're reaping? I think . . . yes, I think I'll tell you. . . .

JACK. Mary!

MARY. Yes, Jack, I will.

LORDAN. What do you mean?

MARY. I'm going to tell you what you've made of us all.

LORDAN. What does she mean, Jack?

MARY. There's Patrick first. He's become a gentleman in England and is ashamed of his family and the place he was reared; he's a coward, a snivelling coward, who's changed his name and his religion for fear he'll be thought a dirty Irishman. That's what you've made of him.

LORDAN. That's unfair, Mary; he has just sent home fifty . . .

MARY. That money didn't come from him at all. You'll never hear from him again. . . . Then there's Timothy; he isn't ashamed of us because most of his fellow priests are sprung from our class, and then there's the solicitor. You're fond of saying that he's a great success; well, his success has made him run into debt to buy a motor car, it's made him refuse to give his father a five pound note to keep him off the road, it's made him stay away from Knockmalgloss for seven years, and I suppose it will keep him away till the day of his death. And look at Jack there; you've made a fine thing of him, haven't you? A chemist up in Dublin indeed, a man who's married a lady and who's going to live like a gentleman? No, but a country boy who fainted in the harvest field. You've made a fainting, artificial weakling of him. And me . . . do you know what you've made of me?

JACK. Stop, Mary, stop.

MARY. That fifty pounds you think came from Patrick really came from me. I earned every penny of it.

LORDAN. I don't understand you.

MARY. Yes, every penny of it. And isn't it a great thing for a girl like me to be able to earn all that money?

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LORDAN. Fifty pounds! Did you earn all that? Well, maybe you're grateful to me now, you'd be a long time in Knockmalgloss before you'd put your hand on fifty pounds.

MARY. Jack, listen to him!

JACK. For God's sake stop. [Go away, Mr. Lordan, don't you see . . .

MARY. That's a fine sum of money for a girl like me to earn. Oh, I'm reaping a glorious harvest, Mr. Lordan, a beautiful, golden harvest of money and fine clothes, and . . . I feel I owe it all to you; how can I ever thank you?

LORDAN. I'm sure I'm delighted to hear it.

MARY. Yes, I'm very grateful to you; I don't think you'd know me if you met me in London. I don't wear an old shawl over my head the way I did long ago . . . you'd swear I was one of the greatest ladies in the land, and not . . . little Mary Hurley. And fifty pounds, don't forget the fifty pounds! You'll send the Hayes' girls over soon, won't you?

LORDAN. To be sure I will, now that I know how well you're getting on.

MARY. Ah, you're a public benefactor.

Enter Maurice.

MAURICE. Well, Jack, isn't this the great news we're after getting from Patrick? Fifty pounds! That'll put us on our legs again. Look here, you're not fit for farm work at all; go away back to Dublin, and we'll neither of us say another word about . . . that other money. . . .

JACK. Yes, I'm going, never fear, and you can do what you like about the blasted money. I hope I'll never see this cursed place again; before a month there'll be a few thousand miles of clean salt water between me and Ireland. Ireland! I hate the very word! (*Goes out.*)

MAURICE. Well, now.

MARY (*carelessly*). Poor old Jack! Well, I must be off or I'll miss the train. Did you bring down my box?

MAURICE. Yes, it's in the car.

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MARY. I suppose father is somewhere outside ?

MAURICE. He's waiting at the bottom of the bohereen to say good-bye to you.

MARY. All right. . . . (*Goes over and kisses Maurice.*) Good-bye, Maurice, and good luck. Good-bye, Mr. Lordan.

LORDAN. You're really going back. Ah, I told your father that you could never settle down in Knockmalgloss after London. He'll be sorry you're going, but it's for your own good.

MARY. Of course it is. Good-bye again and . . . thanks. (*With a last brilliant smile she goes out.*)

MAURICE. We'll be all right now if Patrick keeps on sending the money.

LORDAN. Mary told me the money didn't come from Patrick. She said she earned it herself.

MAURICE. She did not then. Didn't I ask her for money the day after she came home, and didn't she say she had only two sovereigns ; ay, and she cried because she couldn't help her father.

LORDAN. But why did she tell me she earned it herself just now ?

MAURICE. She was joking you. I bet you she was laughing at you all the time.

LORDAN. Laughing ? . . . she was indeed. Well, I'm glad of that, because she said some bitter things that I nearly began to believe were true, but if she was only joking . . .

MAURICE. To be sure that's all she was doing. She was always a great one for a joke. (*Bridget enters.*) Did you hear the grand news, Bridget ?

BRIDGET. I did so. You're a made man, Maurice.

MAURICE. And you're a made woman. Look here now, when will you be ready to marry me ?

BRIDGET. Ah, sure, I suppose as soon as you're ready to have me ?

MAURICE. The sooner the better then.

BRIDGET. All right so. . . . And whisper, Maurice,

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you said hard and wicked things to the schoolmaster the other day, haven't you a right now to go over and shake him by the hand and beg his pardon? Wasn't it the education Patrick got put him in the way of earning that fifty pounds?

MAURICE. You're right. Here's my hand, Mr. Lordan and I'm sorry for what I said to you a while ago. It's only to-day I'm beginning to understand what a terrible lot we owe you.

LORDAN. Not at all, Maurice, not at all. I only did the little I could—it wasn't much—I wish it was more. . . . There's the Hayes' girls and two boys of Thomas O'Sullivan and Bridget Mahony from the forge—may God grant me a few more years of health and strength till I do with them what I've done with Mary and Patrick.

BRIDGET. Amen to that. (*Maurice nods his head.*)

CURTAIN.

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THE CLANCY NAME

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CHARACTERS

MRS. CLANCY	JERRY BRIEN
JOHN CLANCY	MARY BRIEN
MRS. SPILLANE	MICHAEL DEMPSEY
EUGENE ROCHE	FATHER MAHONY

TWO OR THREE OTHER MEN

SCENE—*The livingroom of an Irish farmhouse*

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THE CLANCY NAME

SCENE—*Interior of Mrs. Clancy's cottage. On the left a fireplace and a door leading to an inner room. At the back a window and a dresser, and at the right-hand corner a door leading to the open. Outside this door at the left-hand side as you go out is a small bench, the end of which is just visible when the door is open. On the right is a settle. When the curtain rises John Clancy is discovered sitting over the fire in a rather dejected attitude. The lower half of the door is shut. A woman and a man pass the window, and the woman knocks with her knuckles on the door.*

JOHN. Yes?

THE WOMAN. Good-day, John. Is the mother inside?

JOHN. She is not, Mrs. Spillane, but I'm expecting her every minute. Will you step in?

MRS. SPILLANE. I will then. For she told me and Eugene to come here at three o'clock to-day the way she'd settle accounts with us, and though it isn't much after two now, I won't go back the road again. Come on in, Eugene. (*Enter Eugene Roche.*)

EUGENE. Fine day, John.

JOHN. 'Tis so. (*He draws two chairs to the table.*) Wouldn't you sit down? (*They do so. John goes to the door and looks out.*) I don't see her coming, but I'm sure she won't be long. She went to Bandon by the early train to get the money out of the bank. I drove her to the station, but Michael Good was going and coming back the same time as herself, and he said he'd give her a lift home.

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EUGENE (*contemptuously*). She might be all night on the road then. Did you ever see such a set of old bloody nags as Michael Good has ?

JOHN (*without interest*). They're not much indeed.

MRS. SPILLANE. I'll stay on for an hour or two anyway. 'Twould be a pity after the trouble she went to drawing the money that we wouldn't be here to get it.

EUGENE. That's true, ma'am, we'll wait.

MRS. SPILLANE. And when once you've left your work of an afternoon 'tisn't worth your while to put your hand to it again. It's a wonder you're not sticking potatoes, John ; a fine, dry day like this.

JOHN. Ah sure, I was sticking yesterday and the day before.

MRS. SPILLANE. 'Tis easy seen your mother's away. There's not many idle hands where she is.

JOHN. There is not.

MRS. SPILLANE. A great one for the work entirely. They say she was down complaining to Father Mahony last year that she couldn't get the harvest in by reason of the saints' days.

EUGENE. It's a queer thing if she'd grudge a man's going to Mass.

MRS. SPILLANE. Ah, 'twas the only fine week we had last harvest, the week there was James Tanner's funeral a-Monday, Mass a-Tuesday, Ballineen Races a-Wednesday, Cornelius Sullivan's daughter buried a-Friday, and the corn rotting on the ground.

EUGENE. She needn't complain then, she got big money for it the same as she always did. (*To John.*) I heard you got a great price for your springers ?

JOHN. Eighteen pound apiece, last Wednesday at Dunmanway.

MRS. SPILLANE. In the name of God is that a fact ?

EUGENE. Well, well !

MRS. SPILLANE. Don't talk to me ! Sarah Clancy has the divil's own luck.

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JOHN (*without enthusiasm*). It was a good price.

MRS. SPILLANE. What! Good!

EUGENE. I always say that the day James Clancy died wasn't the worst day for his widow.

MRS. SPILLANE. You're right, Eugene, though it's a hard thing to be saying in this house. Poor James Clancy—God rest his soul!—a kind man, and a good man, but not much of a man on a farm.

EUGENE. Not much indeed, but a nice little ball of a man and a Clancy every inch of him.

MRS. SPILLANE. Herself's more of a Clancy if you ask me. What with pride and management, and good farming—'tisn't every woman would battle it out the way she did—and I'm thinking, Eugene, if we'd asked a bigger interest of her we'd have got it.

EUGENE (*sentimentally*). Ah well, well, you wouldn't be hard on a neighbour in trouble; (*practically*) and she was a stiff one to drive a bargain with. Maybe you don't remember the day and she dressed in black and her hands trembling with the fear of the farm being sold over her head, and for all her fears, and for all her black, divil a bit would she give us only five per cent.

MRS. SPILLANE. Sure I remember. Well, indeed, I don't grudge it her, her farm is a credit to the parish.

EUGENE. Not like poor Pat Nyhan's.

JOHN. Is it true he's after losing two sheep?

EUGENE. Yes indeed, they strayed on him after he bought them at the fair a-Wednesday, and I hear he went to the police about them, and . . .

MRS. SPILLANE. The police! Much satisfaction he'll get there. He needn't be wasting his time going to the barrack.

EUGENE. Ah well now, how well they found the calves I lost myself last year.

MRS. SPILLANE. An idle set. You'd see them sitting in the barrack reading a newspaper any hour of the day. Don't talk to me about the police.

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EUGENE. Maybe it's the "Hue and Cry" they're reading.

MRS. SPILLANE (*with contempt*). Hm! If they were a bit of good wouldn't they have found out before this who it was killed James Power?

EUGENE (*cautiously*). Well, they might.

MRS. SPILLANE. Arrah, of course, they could. It's my opinion they don't w a n t to find out (*darkly*). 'Tisn't for nothing that Sergeant Cantillon's wife is sister-in-law to Benjamin Brien.

EUGENE. Oh my, ma'am, d'ye think that now? And . . . whisper . . .

JOHN (*impatiently*). Isn't there a thing in the world you could be talking about only the murder? Everywhere I go people are whispering, and gossiping, and . . . and . . . God knows I'm sick of it. (*His voice has become more excited, but with an effort he calms himself, and goes towards the door*). I'll go and see is my mother coming.

MRS. SPILLANE (*in astonishment*). Well now, for all it's an old story there hasn't anything much been happening since—not even a trespass case with a cross-summons for assault. You needn't be taking me up like that. (*John goes out*). Well indeed! . . . (*To Eugene*). As I was saying, the police needn't go a mile beyond Brien's farm to find out the truth about Jamsey.

EUGENE. Well, well! Still Benjamin's a quiet man, except when he has drink taken.

MRS. SPILLANE. I never said it was Benjamin Brien done it, and don't you be going and putting it on me saying that I did. You're a queer man, Eugene, the notions you do pick up.

EUGENE (*apologetically*). You said no such thing indeed, it's only what I was thinking myself.

JOHN (*at the door*). She's coming up the bohereen now.

MRS. SPILLANE. He i s a terror when he has drink taken, a red limb of the divil entirely. He'd have knocked Jamsey before he'd know what he was doing.

JOHN (*impatiently*). I'm telling you she's coming. She'll be here in another minute.

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Mrs. Spillane. Will she then? I'm glad of that. Please God the bank in Bandon wasn't shut, but what with half-days off and bank holidays it's more often shut than open.

Eugene. 'Twouldn't be shut on a market day.

Mrs. Spillane. Much the lads behind the counter care about market days. (*Mrs. Clancy appears*). Good-day to you, Mrs. Clancy.

Mrs. Clancy. Good-day, Mrs. Spillane. How are you, Eugene?

Eugene. Fine, ma'am, how's yourself?

Mrs. Clancy is dressed in a big black cloak with the hood over her head. She has a large basket on her arm full of parcels. She lays this down on the bench with a sigh of relief and throws back her hood.

Mrs. Clancy. God Almighty! But I'm tired dragging that basket up from the Cross. (*To John*). Why wouldn't you come to the Cross and meet me?

John. I didn't think of it.

Mrs. Clancy. There's little would be thought of in this house if it wasn't for me. I don't know what's come to you lately; I don't indeed . . .

Mrs. Spillane. It was a good market, Mrs. Clancy?

Mrs. Clancy. Fair, Mrs. Spillane, just fair. Eggs elevenpence, and butter tenpence halfpenny, and only a poor price for fowl. Not that I had anything to sell myself, but it's what I was told.

While she speaks she takes off her cloak and hangs it up on a peg, turns up her dress and out of a pocket in her petticoat takes a small canvas bag. Eugene and Mrs Spillane watch her eagerly, John goes outside and sits on the bench.

Mrs. Spillane. Well then, Bandon market used to be a great market for fowl.

Mrs. Clancy. It's not much now, by all accounts (*sitting down at the table and opening the bag*). Well, I've got you here to-day to pay you back the money I borrowed from you five years ago when the Lislee bank

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broke and my husband lost all his money. He was always sickly, and the shock of losing his money and the disgrace killed him altogether. So there was I, left without a penny, and a whole bag of debts. There's many a woman would have sold the farm and paid what she could and rested content all her life, but I couldn't do that. 'Twas never said before that a Clancy couldn't pay his debts. "And," says I to myself, "please God they'll never say that of him that's dead and gone."

EUGENE. No, indeed.

MRS. CLANCY. There was nothing for me to do then only to borrow money and try to keep the farm on—though, mind you, the Clancys were never ones for borrowing money—but sure 'twas the only thing to be done. You were good neighbours to me that time, and God knows I've worked day and night to pay you back.

EUGENE. I'm sure it doesn't matter, ma'am, you're welcome to the money.

MRS. SPILLANE. Indeed you are.

MRS. CLANCY. Ah well, some people wouldn't mind, but I couldn't get any ease or quietness as long as I owed money. But, thank God, I can pay you off to-day (*counting out money*). And a good five per cent. I'm giving you too, the way you wouldn't be saying that I cheated you.

MRS. SPILLANE. Five per cent.'s nothing so great. Faith, if you'd gone to a gombeen man you wouldn't be getting out of it so easy.

MRS. CLANCY. Five per cent.'s more than you'd get from the bank. Well, we won't fight about it. There's a hundred pounds for you, and twenty-five pounds more for the five years I've had it. (*Hands her money.*)

MRS. SPILLANE. Thank you, ma'am. (*Takes the money and counts it very carefully*).

MRS. CLANCY. And here, Eugene, is your two hundred, and fifty as well.

EUGENE (*taking it and counting it*). I'm sure it doesn't

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matter, ma'am, if there was more as honest as you the country would be a different place.

MRS. SPILLANE. Ninety, ninety-five, a hundred—you may say that—ten, twenty, twenty-five.

MRS. CLANCY (*complacently*). Well, I'm honest and law-abiding anyhow. . . . What's the matter, Eugene; I didn't count it wrong, did I?

EUGENE (*doubtfully*). N-no; is that a good sovereign, I wonder? (*showing her a coin*).

MRS. CLANCY (*glancing at it indignantly*). As good as the best. You wouldn't find any one putting bad coins on me.

EUGENE (*submissively adding the coin to his pile*). I'm sure it doesn't matter, ma'am . . . . Yes, 'tis quite right. 'Twill be a great ease to you to have the farm cleared.

MRS. CLANCY. You may say that. I must see John married, and then I'll die contented.

MRS. SPILLANE. Indeed, 'tis time John got married.

MRS. CLANCY. But 'tisn't any girl at all would suit me. John's a Clancy, and the Clancys have always married good stock. I was a Clancy myself. The girl must be of good family, and have as clean a name as our own.

EUGENE. And indeed you'd want to be careful who you'd marry now with an unhung murderer in the parish.

MRS. SPILLANE. Poor Jamsey Power, indeed!

MRS. CLANCY. Ah, don't talk to me. How any one could raise a hand against Jamsey. As quiet and decent a man as you'd like to see. But sure that wouldn't stop some.

EUGENE. Indeed it wouldn't. It's only this minute we were talking about it all and wondering.

MRS. CLANCY. I suppose they'll never find out the truth about him.

MRS. SPILLANE. If they don't find it, it's because they don't want to find it. Mind me . . .

EUGENE. Yerra, for God's sake whisht, woman. 'Tis easy for a clever laddo to fool the police.

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MRS. CLANCY. I don't wonder at all at the police being fooled. 'Tisn't so easy to come to the rights of a mystery. What I wonder at is how the man who killed him can go on day after day with the weight of that on him.

EUGENE. You mean you wonder he doesn't give himself up?

MRS. CLANCY. Yes, for his own peace of mind—and he might yet, for I've known a woman go and tell the police two years after she killed her child.

MRS. SPILLANE. Well!

EUGENE. That was a queer thing, surely.

MRS. CLANCY. I don't think it was queer, and maybe the same thing will happen about Jamsey.

EUGENE. 'Twas a wicked thing, whoever done it.

MRS. CLANCY. Oh, 'twas an awful thing! Well, no Clancy was ever mixed up with a murder, thank God. Here's myself and my son left the last of them, and I've paid off all I owed, and John is a fine steady man that any girl would like to marry.

MRS. SPILLANE. Yes, you're right. . . . Now there's my niece, my brother's daughter over at Kilmeen—she's a very nice girl.

MRS. CLANCY. Is it Julia Tobin you mean?

MRS. SPILLANE. Yes, Julia Tobin, my brother Tom's daughter.

MRS. CLANCY. What sort of a fortune hae she? I'm sure John would expect something good.

MRS. SPILLANE. I believe she has about one hundred pounds. (*John disappears.*)

MRS. CLANCY. Ah, sure, one hundred pounds! That's not much.

MRS. SPILLANE. Well indeed, it's not bad considering how things are in the country at present. Faith, there's many a farmer's daughter nowadays couldn't put her hand on twenty.

MRS. CLANCY. John would expect more, I'm sure.

MRS. SPILLANE. Maybe her father would give her more too, how do I know? Can't he go over and see her.

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MRS. CLANCY. Yes, he might stroll over there some day. I think I've seen the girl myself, a big rough sort of a girl.

MRS. SPILLANE. That's her, and a red poll on her. She's a great one on a farm.

MRS. CLANCY. I've heard tell of her. It's a pity for her to have such a small fortune, but the Tobins were never ones for money. It wasn't one hundred pounds, but two hundred and twenty I brought with me, and it wasn't considered over much for a Clancy.

MRS. SPILLANE. Well, if we Tobins don't have much money we keep what we have anyway, and don't be running to our neighbours to lend us some. You think you're a great one, Mrs. Clancy, and that John can pick and choose like a gentleman, but if he wants my niece he'd better go at once, for there's another man would like to get her if my brother would consent. (*Rises indignantly.*) Come on, Eugene.

MRS. CLANCY. Well, well, how hot you are. 'Twasn't much I said. Sure the Tobins were always decent people, aren't they my own cousins? You're not going, surely? Wouldn't you sit down and have a sup of tea; I wouldn't be one minute wetting it?

MRS. SPILLANE. I couldn't wait, ma'am, thank you. I must be for the road. Patsey Roche will give us a lift home, so we mustn't miss him.

MRS. CLANCY. It's a pity you're in such a hurry. I'll make John go over to Kilmeen on Sunday.

MRS. SPILLANE. Do then, he won't be sorry. Are you coming, Eugene? Good-evening, Mrs. Clancy.

MRS. CLANCY. Good-evening.

EUGENE. Good-evening, ma'am, and many thanks for the money.

They go out together. Mrs. Clancy unpacks her basket, opening the various parcels. While she does so John comes in.

MRS. CLANCY. They're gone. I don't owe a penny of

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money now. (She *looks at her son for congratulation of some sort. He does not speak, and something in his attitude makes her think he is in trouble.*) How's the cow, John ?

JOHN. What ? The cow ? Oh, she calved an hour ago, she's all right.

MRS. CLANCY. I'm glad to hear that, I think you were worritting over her. I can sit contented at the fireside to-night, John, every one's paid now.

John goes and stands near the fire with his back to her, and makes no reply.

MRS. CLANCY. Haven't you e'er a word to give me ? You might be a bit more pleased like. Maybe 'twas nothing to you, but it was a great load to me to have that debt on the farm.

JOHN. Yes, of course. It's a great thing to have paid them off.

MRS. CLANCY. Indeed it is. As I was saying to Bridget Spillane all I want now is to see you married. The Clancy name musn't die out, John.

John makes a stifled exclamation which his mother does not quite hear.

MRS. CLANCY. There's Julia Tobin over at Kilmeen. She's a nice girl and will have about one hundred pounds, her aunt was telling me. I was thinking if you went over there some day . . .

JOHN (*in a very low voice*). Don't, mother.

MRS. CLANCY. Don't what ? What have you against Julia Tobin ? She's a nice decent girl, and a great hand on a farm, I'm told. You'll remember her, a big . . .

JOHN. Oh, stop.

MRS. CLANCY. What's the matter ? What's wrong with Julia ? If you've another girl in your mind, speak out.

JOHN. It's not that at all, it's . . . (*stops*).

MRS. CLANCY. Well then, why couldn't you let me tell you about Julia ?

JOHN. You don't understand. You . . . I can't bear it, I must tell you.

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MRS. CLANCY. What are you to tell me ?

JOHN. That . . . Oh, mother ! (*turns away from her.*)

MRS. CLANCY. Well ?

JOHN. I . . . I . . . (*silence*).

MRS. CLANCY (*frightened at last*). What is it, John ? What ails you ?

JOHN. I . . . killed . . . James Power.

MRS. CLANCY. What ! What's this you're telling me ?

JOHN. I . . . killed him.

MRS. CLANCY. Nonsense, you're dreaming. What for would you kill him ?

JOHN. I don't know, 'fore God I didn't mean to. We had some words about a horse, and I struck him with my stick and he fell . . .

MRS. CLANCY. John, it's not true, it's not the truth you're telling me ?

JOHN. Look in the big bog-hole and you'll find him. The blood was all across his forehead.

MRS. CLANCY (*turning away with a cry*). Oh m'huira, m'huira, may God pity me, what did I ever do to deserve this ? My son a murderer, the Clancy name disgraced. Oh, Holy Virgin, have pity on me ! John, it's not true, it's not true ? (*She reads the answer in his face. She sits at the table and rocks herself to and fro.*) I'll never be able to look the neighbours in the face again. When they praise the farm and the cattle and the good management I'll be always thinking—if they only knew.

JOHN (*in a low passionless voice*). They'll find out quick enough.

MRS. CLANCY. Find out ?

JOHN. I'm going to give myself up to the police.

MRS. CLANCY. The police !

JOHN. Yes, mother, I can't bear it, the weight of it is driving me mad, I must go to the police.

MRS. CLANCY. You'll do no such thing. Are you mad, John ? Have you no thought for me ? Isn't it bad enough to be the mother of a murderer without all the country-side knowing it. Isn't . . .

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JOHN. Stop! I must do it, it's driving me mad going on this way. Everyone looking at me, and then Jamsey and the blood across his forehead. . . . Didn't I hear you saying a minute ago that you didn't know how anyone could bear it? I must give myself up, I'll swing for it, but I don't care.

MRS. CLANCY. No, you don't care and more shame to you. Look at me that's toiled and worked for five years to pay off the debt on the farm, that's denied myself bite and sup, that's worked morning, noon, and night. I've held my head high among the neighbours, and now you want to make a disgrace of me. Have you no shame?

JOHN. Mother!

MRS. CLANCY. Shame? No, you've no shame. A Clancy a murderer! Oh, Holy Virgin, have pity on me!

JOHN. Have you no word of pity for me? What does the name matter? Oh, mother, say you're sorry for me, say you'll forgive me, and I'll go away happy, and let them hang me if they will.

MRS. CLANCY. You're not going to the police; have you no sense? No one will ever know who killed Jamsey, the police never had their eye on you. Are you a fool to go telling the police? Half the county would be in gaol if everyone went to the police when he had done anything.

JOHN. I must tell.

MRS. CLANCY. I say you won't.

JOHN. You said yourself that the man who killed Jamsey should give himself up.

MRS. CLANCY. Ah, but I didn't think then 'twas a Clancy done it (*coaxingly*). I'm not going to let you disgrace me and the Clancy name, John. Think of your father's three brothers, all priests; think of your aunt married to a gentleman in Dublin; think of me, a poor widow woman, who's always been respected and looked up to by the neighbours. You'll not disgrace me, John, say you won't.

JOHN. Oh, I don't know what—I must . . .

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MRS. CLANCY. I'll never bear it. 'Twill kill me, 'twill kill me—they'll point at me as "the mother of John Clancy, the murderer." They'll have me up in court, and there'll be police about the house where I was always proud to say no policeman ever put his foot. If you go to the police, John, I'll never hold up my head again. . . . And what good will it do you at all? 'Twon't bring Jamsey back to life to go telling the police. You'll only kill me, and 'tisn't one murder but two that you'll have on your soul.

JOHN. It's—it's—for my own peace of mind. Mother, let me go!

MRS. CLANCY (*sobbing more desperately*). I couldn't bear it. 'Twould kill me! 'Twould kill me!

A pause. John looks round wildly as if for some means of escape. His mother rocks herself and sobs. At last he gives in.

JOHN. All right, I suppose I can't then.

MRS. CLANCY. Ah, that's right, be sensible. You'll thank me for this some day when you'll be sitting happy and contented by the fire and the little children playing round.

JOHN. No, that I won't. I must go away, far away where maybe I'll forget. His face . . . mother, if you'd seen his face . . .

MRS. CLANCY. I declare I think you're mad. What do you want going away, with a comfortable farm here for you? Besides, people will think there's something queer if you go away now for no reason at all. Can't you . . .

JOHN. Let them think what they like and be damned. I must go away, I must go this minute. Give me some money and I'll be off.

MRS. CLANCY. I'll give you no money.

JOHN (*snatching the bag on the table*). Then I'll take it. (*Throws down bag when he finds it empty.*)

MRS. CLANCY. You'll get no money there. Can't you sit down and be easy.

JOHN. Easy? With him rotting in the bog?

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MRS. CLANCY. Tell me where you're going anyway.

JOHN. I don't rightly know. Over the hills and away—away—where maybe I'll forget. Say good-bye to me, mother, say you're sorry for me.

MRS. CLANCY. You're a disgrace, that's what you are, a disgrace to the name of . . .

JOHN. A disgrace am I ? 'Tis you're the disgrace.

MRS. CLANCY (*as the figure of Mrs. Spillane passes the window*). For God's sake whisht, there's someone at the door.

John looks round startled. They stand silently and a little apart.

MRS. SPILLANE (*entering*). I stepped up again, Mrs. Clancy, ma'am, to say another word about Julia Tobin. (*John pushes roughly past her and goes out.*) What's the matter with John, at all, I heard him shouting and I outside the window ?

MRS. CLANCY. He—he's bothered about the farm.

MRS. SPILLANE (*curiously*). And what's the disgrace ?

MRS. CLANCY (*frightened*). The disgrace ?

MRS. SPILLANE. Yes, I heard him talking about a disgrace.

MRS. CLANCY (*trying to speak lightly*). Oh, 'twas only Jerry Brien's lambs, he was saying it was a disgrace the way they were trespassing on our land.

MRS. SPILLANE. Oh ! I thought he had a dark look on him when I and Eugene were waiting for you—and he took me up so sharp and so sudden. Well, 'twasn't about that I came to speak to you, it's about Julia. I've a great liking to the girl myself, and not having a child of my own I'm willing to give thirty pounds to the man who marries her in addition to whatever Tom gives.

MRS. CLANCY (*sitting down at the table as if she was too weak to stand, dully*). Thirty pounds.

MRS. SPILLANE. Yes, and you may say now she'll be bringing a nice bit of money along with her the day she's married.

MRS. CLANCY. Yes, yes . . .

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MRS. SPILLANE. So now let you speak to John about it. What ails you, Mrs. Clancy, you're all of a tremble ?

MRS. CLANCY. I hadn't a bit to eat since my breakfast, and John had me annoyed with his talk. (*Pulling herself together.*) Thank you, Mrs. Spillane, and the blessing of God on you for a generous woman, I'll speak to John about Julia. You'll forgive the hasty word I spoke.

MRS. SPILLANE. Sure, what's that ? 'Twould be a pity if a thing like that would spoil a match.

MRS. CLANCY. I'd like well to see John married to a good girl this minute. (*Half appealingly.*) Marriage is apt to steady a man, isn't it, Mrs. Spillane ?

MRS. SPILLANE. To be sure it is—unless he's a wild mad divil of a fellow altogether—and John was never that sort.

MRS. CLANCY. It keeps them from doing desperate things. (*Half to herself.*) Yes, 'twould be a great thing to have him married.

The noise of a car is heard outside.

MRS. SPILLANE. Maybe that's Eugene's brother; he promised to give us a lift home. (*Looks out. Mrs. Clancy remains sitting at the table.*) 'Tis Eugene's brother right enough and he driving the divil's tilt down the hill. God Almighty, he's mad drunk, he's lashing the mare and she plunging and rearing. Come here, Mrs. Clancy, he's not fit to follow a horse. Wisha, look at the child playing in the road. 'Twill be kilt. Oh, God in Heaven, why doesn't it move ? There's a man rushing out—he's pushed the child into the ditch; but, Blessed Virgin, why doesn't he move out of the horse's way—he's standing still. Oh, God ! He's knocked in the road. Who is it at all, at all ? Look at the people around him. (*Mrs. Clancy comes to the door.*) Isn't that a fright now. (*Goes back to the table for her shawl.*)

MRS. CLANCY (*at the door*). They've lifted him up off the road; they're making . . . they're making for the bohereen . . .

MRS. SPILLANE. What bohereen ?

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MRS. CLANCY. The one up here.

MRS. SPILLANE. Yerra, what would they be doing that for, unless maybe this is the nearest house to bring him to. (*Coming to the door.*)

MRS. CLANCY. They are bringing him up.

MRS. SPILLANE. They are so—'tis Jerry Brien and Dempsey are carrying him—they'll be bringing him in here, we'd better clear a place for him.

MRS. CLANCY. Will they bring him in then? Show, and we'll clear the bench; or maybe they'd take him into the bedroom.

MRS. SPILLANE. Let them lay him on the bench.

Begins to clear it. Mrs. Clancy brings her basket into the inner room. Two men, Jerry Brien and Michael Dempsey, carry in John; he is covered with dust and appears lifeless. Eugene Roche and Mary Brien follow.

MRS. SPILLANE. Lay him down here. Who is it at all?

JERRY. Hush! Is herself here?

MRS. CLANCY (*coming back*). Who is it?

JERRY (*laying John down on the bench*). He's not hurt at all, Mrs. Clancy, and don't you be distressing yourself . . .

MRS. CLANCY (*pushing forward and suddenly seeing the body clearly*). John! God in Heaven, it's dead he is.

MICHAEL. Whisht, woman, he'll be all right, he's only half stunned like.

EUGENE. When I seen him on the road and the horse . . .

MARY. And 'tis only this morning I told Jerome not to be playing on the road . . .

JERRY. Father Mahony ought to be here in a minute; 'tis lucky he was with old Tom Cullinane. Give me the towel, ma'am, till I wipe his face. Oh, wasn't he the fine young man.

MRS. CLANCY (*in a fairly calm voice*). But—but how did it all happen, it's not one minute since he was here?

MICHAEL. Eugene and I were standing on the road

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talking to Mary Brien, and Patsey's trap came down the hill as if hell and all was after it, and Jerome . . .

MARY. And I told Jerome.

MICHAEL. Ah sure, telling! What does a child mind? Well, he was playing in the middle of the road and he didn't mind at all, and your son was just after coming down the bohereen and he rushed out and pushed the child away.

EUGENE. Into the ditch.

MICHAEL. Yes, into the ditch, and then he stood still in the middle of the road, and sure he could easily have got away.

MRS. SPILLANE. He could so, I saw it myself.

JERRY. The car was ten yards off.

MICHAEL. But he stood there, half dazed like.

EUGENE. And with a sort of smile on his face . . . and the car—oh! when I seen it coming . . .

JERRY. I saw the mare knock him down.

MARY. And the wheel of the car went over his chest. (*Bursts into uncontrolled sobs.*)

MRS. CLANCY. And he's dead?

MRS. SPILLANE. Oh, no, ma'am, please God he'll do many a day's work yet. God would never kill him and he your only one. Lift up his head again, Jerry, and maybe we'll get a drop down.

The men try to force some whiskey down John's throat.

MRS. CLANCY. 'Tis no use. (*A pause*).

MICHAEL. He's moving.

MRS. CLANCY. What?

MICHAEL. He's moving; his lips are moving.

MRS. CLANCY (*quickly*). He'll be raving, he won't know what he's saying.

JERRY. He is moving, surely.

MICHAEL. Yes, yes; his lips are moving, he's trying to speak.

MRS. CLANCY (*imploringly to them all*). It's raving mad he'll be, don't anyone of you mind a word he's saying, he won't have his senses at all, he . . .

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MICHAEL. Whisht, ma'am.

John struggles and half raises himself, supported by Jerry.

JOHN. Let me go—mother—let me go—don't—hold —me—I must—the police . . .

MRS. CLANCY (*desperately*). Whisht, John, whisht, be quiet, be easy, can't you? Oh, God help me, he hasn't his senses at all; be quiet, do. (*John sinks back again.*)

MICHAEL. Faith, senses or no senses, he's right, and Patsey should be in the hands of the police this minute, and he falling off the car with the drink.

JERRY. I wish the priest would come.

JOHN. Mother, will—you let—me—go to the—priest.

MRS. CLANCY. Yes, yes, of course, why should I stop you; be quiet though, don't speak a word only shut your eyes and get a bit of sleep, don't mind at all, only quiet yourself.

MRS. SPILLANE. God help her, the creature.

JOHN (*loudly, and as if in terrible pain*). Oh!

EUGENE. What is it at all? Lift him higher, Jerry, maybe he'd get more ease that way. (*Jerry raises him.*)

JOHN (*loudly, but with frightful difficulty of articulation, staring straight in front of him*). The blood—across—his —forehead! Oh, Jesus! (*Sinks back.*)

JERRY. What's he saying?

MRS. CLANCY (*recovering herself quickly*). Wipe his forehead, didn't you hear him complaining of it?

MARY (*to Eugene*). What was it he said?

MRS. CLANCY (*loudly*). He was saying that his face was destroyed with the blood.

MRS. SPILLANE (*to Michael*). Try and get another drop back in him.

MICHAEL. I can't; he's dead. Look at the froth on his lips the same as a dead dog.

MRS. CLANCY (*who has been looking at John closely*). 'Tis no use, he's dead. Look at his teeth clenched on his lip. He'll never speak again, never again, not unless God sent down an angel from Heaven and made him

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speak—and that'll never be. (*With a terrible quiet satisfaction.*)

MRS. SPILLANE. Ah, now . . .

EUGENE. Hush! Here's Father Mahony.

Enter a priest, followed by a couple of men.

FATHER MAHONY. Now, now, be quiet everyone, there's too much noise. This is a terrible business, where is he?

EUGENE. Here, your reverence. (*They all move aside.*)

Father Mahony makes a short examination of the body. There is silence, except for a few stifled whispers. After a minute Father Mahony straightens himself and turns round.

FATHER MAHONY. I'm afraid there's no hope; he's quite dead.

Mary Brien breaks into wild sobbing. The men look at each other with low exclamations.

MRS. CLANCY. Quite dead?

FATHER MAHONY (*laying a soothing hand on her arm*). Yes, quite dead, poor woman.

MRS. CLANCY. He'll never speak again?

FATHER MAHONY. Never again.

MRS. CLANCY (*to herself*). Never again.

MARY. And her only one.

MRS. SPILLANE. Yes, indeed, the last of the Clancys. Not a chick nor child left to carry on the name, and . . .

FATHER MAHONY. No matter. Ah, Mrs. Clancy, 'tis you should be the proud woman this day. I know well how proud you are of the Clancy name—you're a Clancy yourself—and how sorry you are to think your son has left no one to carry it on. But of all the Clancys, and they're a great family and a respected family, I venture to say that in years to come the greatest and most respected member of them will be your son, John Clancy, who gave his life to save a little child.

MRS. CLANCY (*in a low voice, kneeling at John's side*). I'm sure it's very good of your reverence to say such

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things; I thank God neither I nor my son, have ever brought disgrace on the Clancy name.

FATHER MAHONY. You haven't indeed, Mrs. Clancy. You should be proud this day to be the mother of John Clancy. (*A short pause. He looks round on the little crowd of men and women*). Let us pray for the soul of John Clancy. (*They all fall on their knees.*)

CURTAIN.

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APPENDIX

Harvest was first produced on May 19th, 1910, in the Abbey Theatre with the following cast:—

JACK HURLEY	*Fred. O'Donovan*
MILDRED HURLEY	*Sara Allgood*
BRIDGET TWOMEY	*Eileen O'Doherty*
MAGGIE HANNIGAN	*Eithne Magee*
TIMOTHY HURLEY	*J. A. O'Rourke*
MAURICE HURLEY	*J. M. Kerrigan*
WILLIAM LORDAN	*Arthur Sinclair*
MARY HURLEY	*Maire O'Neill*

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The first version of "The Clancy Name" was produced in the Abbey Theatre on October 8th, 1908. The present version was produced on September 30th, 1909, with the following cast:

Mrs. Clancy	*Sara Allgood*
John Clancy, *her son*	*Arthur Sinclair*
Mrs. Spillane	*Maire O'Neill*
Eugene Roche	*Fred. O'Donovan*
Jerry Brien	*J. A. O'Rourke*
Mary Brien	*Eileen O'Doherty*
Father Murphy	*J. M. Kerrigan*
Michael Dempsey	*Sydney J. Morgan*

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